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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,
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BOAT SONG.

ADRIFT, with starlight skies above,
 With starlit seas below,
 We move with all the suns that move,
 With all the seas that flow ;
 For, bond or free, earth, sky, and sea,
 Wheel with one central will,
 And thy heart drifteth on to me,
 And only time stands still.

Between two shores of death we drift,
 Behind are things forgot,
 Before, the tide is racing swift
 To shores man knoweth not.
 Above, the sky is far and cold,
 Below, the moaning sea
 Sweeps o'er the loves that were of old,
 But thou, love, love thou me !

Ah, lonely are the ocean ways,
 And dangerous the deep,
 And frail the fairy barque that strays
 Above the seas asleep !
 Ah, toil no more with helm or oar,
 We drift, or bond or free,
 On yon far shore the breakers roar,
 But thou, love, love thou me !

ANDREW LANG.

MORITURI TE SALUTANT.

He sails like a hawk, with the swoop of
 an eagle !

You can't put him down, if he finds you
 can ride !

With the duke, or on Exmoor, with stag-
 hound or beagle,

His loins are a throne, the Dutchman
 his stride !

He's the sense of a Christian, the heart of
 a hero,

When he sees the red line growing glori-
 ously thin !

When the pulse of the coffee-house bound-
 er's at zero,

Our five year old clipper is bound to
 begin !

To begin and to finish, o'er pasture and
 timber,

The brook leaping yellow, the boulder-
 strewn moor !

O'er the clays, where the ploughs are about
 to unlimber,

In these days of false doctoring, our
 Perfect Cure !

Perfect Cure is his name ! Perfect cure is
 his natur' !

A prince of good manners, and sound as
 a bell ;

He's the pet of the women ; each sweet
 pretty cratur'

Has patted, and kissed him, with dainty
 farewell.

Farewell ! he must go, Dick ! but find him
 a stable,

Where they knows that a 'oss 'as his
 veelins like we ;

He'll make no mistake, if his rider is able
 To sit, flung on high, as the foam from
 the sea.

I've toiled man and boy, like my fathers
 before me,

Never ground down the poor, called a
 shovel a spade ;

Yet the old farm must go, no laws can re-
 store we,

What the Empire has tossed in the gulf
 of free-trade.

Let him go, sonny Dick — for young blood
 will be flying !

To be poor, to be honest, is no man's
 disgrace !

With the hounds in full cry, I've no fancy
 for sighing ;

Lead the field, sonny Dick, for the last
 of our race !

Temple Bar.

FALLING LEAVES.

It was the noontide, and a solemn peace
 Brooded o'er dale and down, o'er wood
 and wold ;

The autumn sunshine quivered on the
 trees

And kissed their locks of gold.

Alas ! too soon will all their glory fade ;
 The sword of death hath leapt from out
 its sheath ;

And it shall strew their leaflets, torn and
 frayed,
 Upon the earth beneath.

Yet ere their little lease of life be done,
 Ere the blasts rend them from their
 foster trees,

Their dying hours are cheered with warmth
 and sun,

And rapt in perfect peace.

Chambers' Journal.

R. C. K. E.

From The Edinburgh Review.

THE LETTERS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD.¹

EDWARD FITZGERALD was one of the casuals of literature. He had no desire — in his own opinion, he had no capacity — for achievement. His special endowment he considered to be taste — “the feminine of genius;” and he felt entitled by this comfortable theory to take his ease as a privileged onlooker with no corresponding duties of performance. His power of enjoyment was unlimited, his dislike to exertion intense. Yet, in spite of himself, he was drawn into the game. He did not look for his task; it found him out. Strolling through life, so to speak, with his pipe in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets, he unpremeditatedly, and against all reasonable expectation, did just one or two things supremely well.

Although born in Suffolk and bred in France, Fitzgerald was an unalloyed Irishman. His father, indeed, bore the non-Hibernian name of John Purcell; yet he, no less than “the Blakes and O’Donnells,”

resigned

The green hills of his youth, among strangers to find

That repose which at home he had [presumably] sighed for in vain.

He contracted, however, no alien alliance, but married his cousin, Mary Frances Fitzgerald, the name and arms of whose recently deceased father he assumed in 1818. His third son accordingly was known as “Edward Fitzgerald” only from his tenth year. He was a lively little lad, this youngest scion, and kept the family in fun until sent to school at Bury St. Edmunds. There was formed the nucleus of his cluster of friends. First of all came James Spedding, the renowned apologist of Bacon, whom he “grappled to his soul” veritably with “hooks of steel;” then W. B. Donne, well known in after life as a contributor to this and other journals, who “shared with Sped-

ding his oldest and deepest love;” besides John Mitchell Kemble, the Anglo-Saxon scholar, and William Airy, brother of the late astronomer royal. These boyish ties were extended and strengthened at Cambridge. Undergraduate intimacies sprang up with Thackeray, W. H. Thompson, Whewell’s successor in the mastership of Trinity, and John Allen, long afterwards Archbishop of Salop; while the three Tennysons were added to the group, doubtless through Cambridge connections, although not *at* Cambridge. Fitzgerald’s casual glimpses in hall and quad of the future laureate left, however, an ineffaceable impression. “I remember him well,” he wrote in 1882 to Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie, “a sort of Hyperion.” We acknowledge that from early recollections we take a strong personal interest in this remarkable group of men, to which several other names might be added, whom Fitzgerald numbered as his friends at the university. Cambridge has not produced in this century their equals. None of them indeed played that conspicuous part in public life, which distinguished their more ambitious Oxford contemporaries; but they were all men of the highest literary culture, of refined taste, and of originality, not unworthy to be the associates of Alfred Tennyson.

These attachments were, every one of them, lifelong. Fitzgerald was incomparable in friendship. His fidelity was unconditional, unobtrusive, uncompaining; he was willing to give much and receive little; he consented even to be forgotten, while he never forgot. Describing and excusing his wistful longing for a tardy letter, he said to Allen: “I am an idle fellow, of a very ladylike turn of sentiment; and my friendships are more like loves, I think.”

His college career was of typical nonchalance —

Unambitious of university distinctions [we quote from Mr. Aldis Wright’s few prefatory pages], he was not in the technical sense a reading man, but he passed through his course in a leisurely manner,

¹ 1. Letters of Edward Fitzgerald. In 2 vols. London: 1894.

2. Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald. Edited by William Aldis Wright. In 3 vols. London: 1889.

amusing himself with music and drawing and poetry, and modestly went out in the Poll in January, 1830, after a period of suspense, during which he was apprehensive of not passing at all.

He had no sooner emerged into a world which seemed to have no particular need of him than he began to dally with promptings which eventually grew to be irresistible.

You must know [he informed Allen] that I am going to become a great bear ; and have got all sorts of Utopian ideas into my head about society. These may all be very absurd, but I try the experiment on myself, so I can do no great hurt.

The "Utopian ideas," however, fell in so well with his native disposition that they virtually shaped his life. They led him along that "path of least resistance," so easy to pursue, so impossible to retrace. Well, it is not for us to strike the delicate balance between inactivity and ambition. Even Carlyle, in his most atrabilious moods, had no word of reprehension "for the peaceable, affectionate, and ultra-modest man, and his innocent, *far niente* life." Besides, had he chosen his part "in among the throngs of men," we should certainly never have seen the two delightful volumes now before us. They are a reprint with some additions of the first volume of Fitzgerald's "Literary Remains," published in 1889, and have been issued in compliance with a widely felt desire for the separate accessibility of his correspondence. We accord them a hearty welcome, and doubt not that they will receive the appreciation they deserve.

The writing of letters worthy to take literary rank demands leisure and a certain apartness. The fret and hurry of modern life leave no room for the exercise of the art ; postal facilities insidiously undermine it. People "scribble a line," or "wire three words" now, when they would in the ante-Rowland Hill days have sedately indited their full shilling's worth. Separation, too, is a requisite for correspondence ; and steam and electricity have brought the four quarters of the

globe together. The mood of mind that finds relief in the easy, self-out-pouring of a genuine letter is thus growing scarce ; and it survived in Fitzgerald only through the exceptional indulgence of circumstances to the oddities of his temperament. He took his own way with all but absolute freedom. Nothing constrained him to work ; no unsatisfied longings routed him from seclusion ; few men have been less incommoded by duties or responsibilities. Time flowed by without leaving behind for him any bitter deposit of regret or remorse ; he suffered from no Miltonic qualms about "the one talent which 'tis death to hide." He took himself too little seriously for that. The rôle that he undertook was that of critic and dilettante. His business was to discriminate, not to produce. That his letters to his friends were to constitute a prized record of his uneventful existence, he was millions of miles from surmising. Their unconsciousness of merit is, indeed, one of the many ingredients in the charm exercised by them. No *ingénue* in white muslin was ever more innocent of design to make an effect. Yet their excellence, as mere products of the writing art, is unmistakable. Scarcely a sentence falls flat, or rings false, yet without a suspicion of "preciosity." To Fitzgerald's broad common sense nothing would have seemed more contemptible than the affectations and far-fetched expedients by which some modern stylists, in verse or prose, attempt to capture distinction.

Curiously sympathetic, too, are these missives of a solitary. One of his correspondents spoke of the "exquisite tenderness of feeling" displayed by them in regard to family affairs, and Carlyle wrote, in reply to one of them :

Thanks for your friendly human letter, which gave us much entertainment in the reading, and is still pleasant to think of. One gets so many *inhuman* letters — ovine, bovine, porcine, etc., etc. I wish you would write a little oftener ; when the beneficent Daimon suggests, fall not to lend ear to him.

Their autobiographical interest, how-

ever, since the writer has ceased from among us, takes precedence over their other attractions. They are the spontaneous self-disclosure of a man like few others; of one highly endowed, yet content to let the sword of his intellect rust in its scabbard; of a man deliberately acquiescing in his own extinction, sensitive in every fibre, disinterested, noble-minded, loving things beautiful and good, but devoid of any spur to action, and demanding of the world only permission to keep out of the fray, and remain oblivious of its troubles. He was munificent in relieving distress, but could not endure to think of it. The confused miseries of "all this unintelligible world" he would meet with a *Parlons d'autre chose*, closing his ears, as best he might, to such far-off cries of suffering humanity as would now and then echo through his charmed solitude. For he was a born lotus eater—a lotus eater not through weariness or disillusion, but by native instinct. Before ever putting his hand to the oar, or dimming his eyes "with gazing on the pilot stars," he sat him

down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore.

For some years after taking his degree, Fitzgerald drifted aimlessly hither and thither, from under the paternal roof at Wherstead Lodge, Ipswich, to Geldestone Hall, the Norfolk residence of his sister, Mrs. Kerrich, then to Naseby, where his father had a considerable property, including the battlefield. "I am quite the king here," he told Allen; "my blue surtout daily does wonders; at church its effect is truly delightful." In the spring of 1830, Thackeray joined him in Paris, but was notified never to invite him to his house, as "I cannot stand seeing new faces in the polite circles." Thackeray's society was peculiarly efficacious in chasing away his haunting "blue devils," but, the nostrum becoming scarce, he sought a more permanent cure in a radical change of diet. He "found conviction" in the

matter of vegetarianism when he was twenty-four, and never went back to the fleshpots. His, to the end, was the "table of Pythagoras," and we hear no more of "doleful dumps" after its adoption.

Fitzgerald spent the May term of 1834 at Cambridge, "rejoicing in the sunshine of James Spedding's presence," and in the spring of 1835 visited him at Mirehouse, his Cumberland home, with Tennyson for his fellow guest.

I will say no more of Tennyson [he wrote to Allen] than that, the more I have seen of him, the more cause I have to think him great. His little humors and grumpinesses were so droll that I was always laughing, and was often put in mind, strange to say, of my little unknown friend, Undine. I must, however, say further, that I felt what Charles Lamb describes as a sense of depression at times, from the overshadowing of a so much more lofty intellect than my own; this, though it may seem vain to say so, I never experienced before, though I have often been with much greater intellects; but I could not be mistaken in the universality of his mind, and, perhaps, I have received some benefit in the now more distinct consciousness of my dwarfishness.

Yet he watched the development of his friend's genius with growing dissatisfaction. For his earlier poems he had nothing but praise. "How good 'Mariana' is!" he exclaimed in 1831, and, after a night-ride to London, he told Allen:—

When I came up in the mail, and fell a-dozing in the morning, the sights of the pages in crimson and the funerals which the Lady of Shalott saw and wove floated before me; really, the poem has taken lodging in my poor head.

And, again, in 1833:—

Tennyson has been in town for some time; he has been making fresh poems, which are finer, they say, than any he has done. But I believe he is chiefly meditating on the purging and subliming of what he has already done, and repents that he has published at all yet. It is fine to see how in each succeeding poem the smaller ornaments and fancies drop away, and leave the grand ideas single.

Five years later, he records : —

We have had Alfred Tennyson here [in London]; very droll and very wayward; and much sitting up of nights till two and three in the morning, with pipes in our mouths, at which good hour we would get Alfred to give us some of his magic music, which he does between growling and smoking — and so to bed.

Those were, indeed, the

gracious times

When, in our younger London days,
You found some merit in my rhymes,
And I more pleasure in your praise,

recalled by the laureate, after the lapse of close upon half a century, in his "Birthday Line of Greeting" to "Old Fitz."

But "Old Fitz," who was "nothing if not critical," felt, already in 1848, "almost hopeless about Alfred now — I mean about his doing what he was born to do," and thought "The Princess" a "wretched waste of power."

"In Memoriam" he never did greatly affect, nor can I learn to do so. It is full of finest things, but it is monotonous, and has that air of being evolved by a poetical machine of the highest order. So it seems to be with him now, at least to me, the impetus, the lyrical æstrus is gone. It is the cursed inactivity (very pleasant to me who am no hero) of this nineteenth century which has spoiled Alfred, I mean spoiled him for the great work he ought now to be entering upon. The lovely and noble things he has done must remain.

Having heard in 1863 that "Tennyson was writing a sort of Lincolnshire idyll," he commented : —

I will bet on Miss Ingelow now; he should never have left his old county, and gone up to be suffocated by London adulation. He has lost that which caused the long roll of the Lincolnshire wave to reverberate in the measure of "Locksley Hall." Don't believe that I rejoice like a dastard in what I believe to be the decay of a great man; my sorrow has been so much about it that (for one reason) I have the less cared to meet him of late years, having nothing to say in sincere praise. Nor do I mean that his decay is all owing to London, etc. He is growing old, and I don't believe much in the fine arts thriving on an old tree.

But, in Fitzgerald's own phrase, "it is dangerous work this prophesying about great men." Seven-and-twenty years after the above threnody was penned, "Crossing the Bar" went straight to the heart of the English people, and is likely to live as long as their language. Nor was the rare and subtle charm of "Maud" wholly lost upon the poet's despondent friend, who, none the less, reasserted in 1876 his settled conviction that he "might have stopped after 1842, leaving Princesses, Ardens, Idylls, etc., all unborn; all except the 'Northern Farmer,' which makes me cry."

I wish I could take twenty years off Alfred's shoulders [he wrote to Frederic Tennyson in 1850] and set him up in his youthful glory. He is the same magnanimous, kindly, delightful fellow as ever; uttering by far the finest prose sayings of any one. [And to Mr. Aldis Wright, in 1872 and 1876]: I hope that others have remembered and made note of A. T.'s sayings — which hit the nail on the head. Had I continued to be with him I would have risked being called another Bozzy by the thankless world; and have often looked in vain for a note-book I made of such things. He *said*, and I dare say *says*, things to be remembered: decisive verdicts; which I hope some one makes note of; post me memoranda.

One of these he recalled, some thirty-five or forty years after it was spoken, for the benefit of an American correspondent, Professor C. E. Norton : —

We were stopping [he related] before a shop in Regent Street, where were two figures of Dante and Goethe. I (I suppose) said, "What is there in old Dante's face that is missing in Goethe's?" And Tennyson (whose profile then had certainly a remarkable likeness to Dante's) said: "The Divine." Then Milton; I don't think I've read him these forty years; the whole scheme of the poem, and certain parts of it, looming as grand as anything in my memory; but I never could read ten lines together without stumbling at some pedantry that tipped me at once out of Paradise, or even Hell, into the school-room worse than either. Tennyson, again, used to say that the two grandest of all similes were those of the ships hanging in the air, and "the gunpowder one," which

he used slowly and grimly to enact, in the days that are no more. He certainly thought Milton the sublimest of all the gang; his diction modelled on Virgil, as perhaps Dante's.

Fitzgerald detested London. "I am sure," he said, "a great city is a deadly plague." He longed, when there, "to spread wing and fly into the kind, clear air of the country." The noise, the bustle, the hurry, broke the quietude of his soul into an uneasy "ripple." The people he met were "all clever, composed, satirical, selfish, well dressed." The process of being "stretched on the espalier of London dinner-table company" eradicated the personal humors he loved to watch and to indulge. "One finds," he wrote, "few in London *serious* men; I mean *serious* even in fun; with a true purpose and character, whatsoever it may be. London melts away all individuality into a common "lump of cleverness."

I hope to get out of London next week [he wrote about the same time]. I have seen all my friends, so as to satisfy them that I am a duller country fellow than I was, and so we shall part without heart-breaking on either side. It is partly one's own fault not to be up to the London mark; but as there is a million of persons in the land fully up to it, one has the less call to repent in that respect.

Nevertheless, to London he was drawn not only because Thackeray and Spedding were to be found there, but also by his love of music, pictures, and plays. His visits, however, became progressively fewer and shorter. When barely seven-and-thirty, he wrote to Frederic Tennyson:—

Besides my inactivity, I have a sort of horror of plunging into London; which, except for a shilling concert, and a peep at the pictures is desperate to me. This is my fault, not London's; I know it is a lassitude and weakness of soul that no more loves the ceaseless collision of *beaux esprits* than my obese, ill-jointed carcase loves bundling about in coaches and steamers.

Yet his earlier days at the national centre of force had left behind some

brilliant memories. He saw Macready's "Virgilius," an event, he said, "never to be forgotten." The same actor made a less decisive impression in "Hamlet." "For my part," wrote Fitzgerald of the performance, "I have given up deciding on how 'Hamlet' should be played; or, rather, have decided it shouldn't be played at all." His mother had at one time a box at the Haymarket,

the pleasantest of all the theatres (for size and decoration) that I remember; yes, and for the Listons and Vestrises that I remember there in the days of their glory. Vestris, in what was called a "Pamela hat," with a red feather; and, again, singing "Cherry Ripe," one of the dozen immortal English tunes. That was in "Paul Pry."

Pasta was his ideal dramatic vocalist:—

Some forty years ago [he wrote to Mr. W. F. Pollock in 1872] there was a set of lithographic outlines from Hayter's sketches of Pasta in "Medea;" caricature things, though done in earnest by a man who had none of the genius of the model he admired. Looking at them now, people who never saw the original will wonder, perhaps, that Talma and Mrs. Siddons should have said that they might go to learn of her; and, indeed, it was only the living genius and passion of the woman herself that could have inspired and exalted and enlarged her very incomplete person (as it did her voice) into the grandeur, as well as the Niobe pathos, of her action and utterance. All the nobler features of humanity she had, indeed; finely shaped head, neck, bust, and arms; all finely related to one another; the superior features, too, of the face, fine; eyes, eyebrows—I remember Trelawny saying they reminded him of those in the East—the nose not so fine; but the whole face "homogeneous," as Lavater calls it, and capable of all expression, from tragedy to farce. Her scene with her children was among the finest of all; and it was well known at the time how deeply she felt it. I used to admire as much as anything her attitude and air as she stood at the side of the stage when Jason's bridal procession came on; motionless, with one finger in her golden girdle—a habit which (I heard) she inherited from Grassini.

Loth as he was to admit merit in

any of her successors, it was scarcely surprising that Jenny Lind failed to capture his approbation. Indeed, the cataract of public enthusiasm about her raised in him a backward eddy of prejudice.

All the world [he informed Frederic Tennyson, then in Florence, on September 4, 1847] has been crazy about Jenny Lind; and they are now giving her 400*l.* to sing at a concert. What a frightful waste of money! I did not go to hear her; partly out of contradiction, perhaps; and partly because I could not make out that she was a great singer, like my old Pasta. Now I will go and listen to any pretty singer whom I can get to hear easily and inexpensively; but I will not pay and squeeze much for any canary in the world. Perhaps Lind is a nightingale, but I want something more than that. Spedding's cool blood was moved to hire stalls several times at an advanced rate; the Lushingtons (your sister told me) were enraptured; and certainly people rushed up madly from Suffolk to hear her but once and then die.

On hearing the "redoubtable" vocalist six months later, he was inevitably "disappointed in her, but am told this is all my fault. As to naming her in the same Olympiad with Pasta, I am sure that is ridiculous."

No one agreed in general more fully with Dogberry's opinion of comparisons than Fitzgerald. It was "wonderful" to him how Macaulay, Hallam, and Mackintosh "could roar and bawl at one another over such questions as, Which is the greatest poet? Which is the greatest work of that greatest poet? etc., like boys at some Debating Society." But even his equanimity was not proof against the stress of musical partisanship. He is in better humor talking about Handel.

Last night [he told Frederic Tennyson, February 6, 1842] I went to see "*Acis and Galatea*" brought out, with Handel's music and Stanfield's scenery, really the best-done thing I have seen for many a year. . . . The choruses were well sung, well acted, well dressed, and well grouped, and the whole thing creditable and pleasant. Do you know the music? It is of Handel's best, and as classical as any man who wore a full-bottomed wig could write.

I think Handel never gets out of his wig, that is, out of his age; his "*Hallelujah Chorus*" is a chorus, not of angels, but of well-fed earthly choristers, ranged tier above tier in a Gothic cathedral, with princes for audience, and their military trumpets flourishing over the full volume of the organ. Handel's gods are like Homer's, and his sublime never reaches beyond the region of the clouds. Therefore, I think that his great marches, triumphal pieces, and coronation anthems are his finest works. There is a little bit of Auber's at the end of the "*Bayadère*" when the god resumes his divinity and retires into the sky, which has more of pure light and mystical solemnity than anything I know of Handel's; but then this is only a scrap, and Auber could not breathe in that atmosphere long, whereas old Handel's coursers, with necks with thunder clothed, and long, resounding pace, never tire. Beethoven thought more deeply also, but I don't know if he could sustain himself so well. Strictly speaking, he was more of a thinker than a musician. A great genius he was, somehow. He was very fond of reading, Plutarch and Shakespeare his great favorites. He tried to think in music, almost to reason in music, whereas, perhaps, we should be contented with merely feeling in it.

Concerning the bag-wigs of composers [he wrote in lighter vein] Handel's was not a bag-wig, which was simply so named from the little stuffed black silk watch-pocket that hung down behind the back of the wearer. Such were Haydn's and Mozart's, much less influential on the character, much less ostentatious in themselves, not towering so high, nor rolling down in following curls, so low as to overlay the nature of the brain within. But Handel wore the Sir Godfrey Kneller wig, greatest of wigs, one of which some great general of the day used to take off his head after the fatigue of the battle, and hand over to his valet to have the bullets combed out of it. Such a wig was a fugue in itself.

In August, 1842:—

I hear [he said] there is a fine new symphony by Mendelssohn,¹ who is by far our best writer now, and in some measure combines Beethoven and Handel. I grow every day more and more to love only the

¹ This was evidently the "*Scotch Symphony*" conducted by the composer at the Philharmonic, June 13, 1842.

old "God save the King" style, the common chords, those truisms of music, like other truisms so little understood in the full. Just look at the mechanism of "Robin Adair."

He went to hear the "Huguenots" at Covent Garden in 1852—

But the first act was so noisy and ugly that I came away, unable to wait for the better part that, I am told, follows. Meyerbeer is a man of genius, and works up dramatic music, but he has scarce any melody, and is rather grotesque and noisy than really powerful. I think this is the fault of modern music; people cannot believe that Mozart is *powerful* because he is so beautiful, in the same way as it requires a very practised eye to recognize the consummate power predominating in the tranquil beauty of Greek sculpture.

"Don Giovanni" he thought "certainly the greatest opera in the world," and he remarked of "Fidelio" that "what with the story itself, and the passion and power of the music it is set to, the opera is one of those that one can hear repeated as often as any." He proposed, indeed, the setting of some passages from Tennyson's "King Arthur" to "the music of that last grand scene, Sullivan & Co. supplying the introductory recitative; beginning dreamily, and increasing, crescendo, up to where the poet begins to 'feel the truth and stir of day;' till Beethoven's pompous march should begin, and the chorus with 'Arthur is come,' etc.; the chief voices raising the words aloft (as they do in 'Fidelio'), and the chorus thundering in upon them."

In 1835, Fitzgerald's father transplanted his reluctant family from Wherstead Lodge to Boulge Hall, a dismal mansion within easy reach of Woodbridge. A one-storied, thatched cottage lay just outside the park gates, and there Fitzgerald installed himself. It was not a luxurious abode.

I have had three influenzas [he wrote in February, 1844] but this is no wonder, for I live in a hut with walls as thin as a sixpence, windows that don't shut, a clay soil safe beneath my feet, a thatch perforated by sparrows over my head. Here I sit,

read, smoke, and become very wise, and am already quite beyond earthly things. This is one of the ugliest places in England; [he added] one of the dullest; it has not the merit of being bleak on a grand scale—pollard trees over a flat clay, with regular hedges.

Small wonder that, during his six years' residence there, he fairly got "mired" in Suffolk mud. County society he carefully eschewed, but formed intimacies with the Rev. George Crabbe, vicar of the adjacent parish of Bredfield, the eldest son of the author of "Tales of the Hall," and with Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, whose biography he wrote, and whose daughter he eventually married. He was "done for" by an old woman, whose post was almost a sinecure, since he anxiously kept her idle, and, if there was a bell, never rang it. His homely entertainments, accordingly, showed more good will than good management. His mode of life was of the simplest.

He always [a younger George Crabbe related] got up early, eat his small breakfast, stood at his desk reading or writing all the morning, eat his dinner of vegetables and pudding, walked with his Skye terrier, and then often finished the day by spending the evening with us or the Bartons. He very often arranged concerted pieces for us to sing, in four parts, he being tenor. He sang very accurately, but had not a good voice. [And again] I was rather afraid of him. He seemed a proud and very punctilious man. . . . He seemed to me, when I first saw him, much as he was when he died, only not stooping; always like a grave middle-aged man; never seemed very happy or light-hearted, though his conversation was most amusing sometimes.

You know my way of life so well [he himself wrote to Frederic Tennyson in 1844] that I need not describe it to you. I read of mornings, the same old books over and over again, having no command of new ones; walk with my great black dog of an afternoon, and at evening sit with open windows, up to which China roses climb, with my pipe, while the blackbirds and thrushes begin to rustle bedwards in the garden, and the nightingale to have the neighborhood to herself. We have had

such a spring as would have satisfied even you with warmth. And such verdure! white clouds moving over the new-fledged tops of oak-trees, and acres of grass striving with buttercups. How old to tell of—how new to see! . . . I also plunge away at my old "Handel" of nights, and delight in the "Allegro" and "Penseroso," full of pomp and fancy. People affect to talk of this kind of life as very beautiful and philosophical; but I don't. Men ought to have an ambition to stir, and travel, and fill their minds and senses. But so it is.

Here is a glorious sunshiny day [he wrote from Geldestone Hall to Allen]. All the morning I read about Nero in Tacitus, lying at full length on a bench in the garden; a nightingale singing, and some red anemones eying the sun manfully not far off. A funny mixture all this: Nero, and the delicacy of spring; all very human, however. Then, at half past one, lunch on Cambridge cream-cheese; then a ride over hill and dale; then spudding up some weeds from the grass; and then, coming in, I sit down to write to you, my sister winding red worsted from the back of a chair, and the most delightful little girl in the world chattering incessantly. So runs the world away. You think I live in epicurean ease; but this happens to be a jolly day; one isn't always well, or tolerably good; the weather is not always clear, nor nightingales singing, nor Tacitus full of pleasant atrocity. But such as life is, I believe I have got hold of a good end of it.

His "stars shone less happily about his head," when he told F. Tennyson during the same visit:—

I live on in a very seedy way, reading occasionally in books which every one else has gone through at school; and what I do read is just in the same way as ladies work—to pass the time away. For little remains in my head. I dare say you think it very absurd that an idle man like me should poke about here in the country when I might be in London seeing my friends; but such is the humor of the beast.

And "the humor of the beast" asserted itself with increased persistency as one year followed another. "I am becoming more hebetate every hour," he declared in 1840; and he described himself, not long afterwards, as "given over to turnips and inanity." At

Boulge, "day followed day with unvaried movement; there is the same level meadow with geese upon it always lying before my eyes; the same pollard oaks, with now and then the butcher or the washerwoman trundling by in their carts."

To be in such a place at all argues certainly [he admitted] a talent for dulness which no situation nor intercourse of men could much improve. It is true; I really do like to sit in this doleful place with a good fire, a cat and a dog on the rug, and an old woman in the kitchen. . . . I know not if I could do better under a more complex system. It is very smooth sailing hitherto down here. No velvet waistcoat and ever lustrous pumps; no *bon mots* got up; no information necessary. There is a pipe for the parsons to smoke, and quite as much *bon mots*, literature, and philosophy as they care for, without any trouble at all. If we could but feed our poor!

One fine morning we come upon him in the act of concocting two gallons of tar water from Bishop Berkeley's recipe:—

It is to be bottled off this very day [he recounted to Allen] after a careful skimming; and then drunk by those who can and will. It is to be tried first on my old woman; if she survives, I am to begin; and it will then gradually spread into the parish, through England, Europe, etc., "as the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake."

Yet Fitzgerald's powers were all this time slowly maturing. In his loitering way, he was a student all his life; he was continually reading, and he sharpened his wits upon everything, small or great, that he read. We hear of his taking a "Thucydides" down to Suffolk "to feed on, like a whole 'Parmesan.'" When staying with his uncle, Mr. Peter Purcell, at Halverstown, in Ireland, he read "the 'Annual Register,' which is not amiss in a certain state of mind, and is not easily exhausted." In the course of another visit he went through the *Iliad*, and was

sorry to have finished it. The accounts of the Zulu people, with Dingarn, their king, etc., give one a very good idea of the Homeric heroes, who were great brutes, but

superior to the gods who governed them — which also has been the case with most nations. It is a lucky thing that God made man, and that man has not to make God. We should fare badly, judging by the specimens already produced — Frankenstein monster-gods, formed out of the worst and rottenest scraps of humanity — gigantic — and to turn destructively upon their creators —

But "Be ye of good cheer! I have overcome the world" —

So speaks a gentle voice.

From Halverstown he proceeded, in August, 1841, to Edgeworthstown, where he found himself "domiciled in a house filled with ladies of divers ages," Maria being then seventy-two.

I am now writing [he said] in the library here, and the great authoress is as busy as a bee making a catalogue of her books beside me, chatting away. We are great friends. She is as lively, active, and cheerful as if she were but twenty — really a very entertaining person. We talk about Walter Scott, whom she adores, and are merry all the day long. I have read about thirty-two sets of novels since I have been here; it has rained nearly all the time. . . . I have now begun to sketch heads on the blotting-paper, a sure sign, as Miss Edgeworth tells me, that I have said quite enough. She is right. Good-bye.

In September, 1842, Thackeray took Fitzgerald to tea with Carlyle, then busy with his "Cromwell." The conversation naturally turned on the Naseby battlefield, and Carlyle was disconcerted to find that he had been misled as to the scene of the thickest of the fray by a "blockhead obelisk" (as he called it) erected by Fitzgerald's father. Actual explorations, executed by Fitzgerald, bore out his assertions; and he undertook, at the historian's request, to procure the erection of a veracious Naseby monument. But the business, after being a third of a century on foot, failed to get itself accomplished; and Carlyle, in his book, "entirely misstated all about Naseby."

I smoked a pipe with Carlyle yesterday [Fitzgerald informed Bernard Barton, April 11, 1844]. We ascended from his dining-room carrying pipes and tobacco up through two stories of his house, and got into a little dressing-room near the roof. There

we sat down; the window was open, and looked out on nursery-gardens, their almond-trees in blossom, and beyond, bare walls of houses, and over these, roofs and chimneys, and here and there a steeple, and whole London crowned with darkness gathering behind like the illimitable resources of a dream. I tried to persuade him to leave the accursed den, and he wished — but — but — perhaps he *didn't* wish on the whole.

Fitzgerald had little toleration for Carlyle's books. In the midst of an attack of influenza, "which has blocked up most of my senses, and put a wet blanket over my brains," he wrote to Barton in April, 1838: —

This state of head has not been improved by trying to get through a new book much in fashion — Carlyle's "French Revolution" — written in a German style. People say the book is very deep, but it appears to me that the meaning *seems* deep from lying under mystical language. There is no repose nor equable movement in it; all cut up into short sentences, half reflective, half narrative; so that one labors through it as vessels do through what is called a short sea — small, contrary-going waves caused by shallows and straits, and meeting tides. I like to sail before the wind over the surface of an even-rolling eloquence, like that of Bacon or the "Opium-eater."

Have you read poor Carlyle's raving book about heroes? [he asked W. H. Thompson in 1841]. Of course you have, or I would ask you to buy my copy. I don't like to live with it in the house. It smoulders. He ought to be laughed at a little. But it is pleasant to retire to the "Tale of a Tub," "Tristram Shandy," and "Horace Walpole" after being tossed on his canvas waves.

In August, 1845, he told Allen: —

Carlyle writes me word his Cromwell papers will be out in October, and that then we are all to be convinced that Richard had no hump to his back. I am strong in favor of the hump; I do not think the common sense of two centuries is apt to be deceived in such a matter.

And somewhat later to Donne: —

Carlyle goes on fretting and maddening as usual. Have you read his "Cromwell"? Are you converted, or did you ever need conversion? I believe I remain

pretty much where I was. So I herd with the flunkies and lackies, I doubt.

Nevertheless, Fitzgerald had a sincere admiration for the Chelsea sage, while preferring in general to admire him from a distance. During three weeks spent with his mother at Ham in May, 1852, he abstained from calling upon him, "for I really have nothing to tell him," he said, "and I have got tired of hearing him growl." Carlyle, however, in 1855, "plunged into the maritime rusticities under his friendly guidance," or, in non-Carlylese phraseology, spent a week with him at Farlingay, a farmhouse close by Woodbridge; and so prosperously that a renewal of the visit was contemplated, though never accomplished. Twenty-one years later, Fitzgerald, commenting to Mr. Charles Eliot Norton (professor of the history of fine art in Harvard University) upon a profile medallion of Carlyle, struck in commemoration of his eightieth birthday, wrote:—

I suppose he is changed, or subdued, at eighty; but up to the last ten years he seemed to me just the same as when I first knew him five-and-thirty years ago. What a fortune he might have made by showing himself about as a lecturer, as Thackeray and Dickens did; I don't mean they did it for vanity, but to make money, and that to spend generously. Carlyle did indeed lecture near forty years ago before he was a lion to be shown, and when he had but few readers. I heard his "Heroes," which now seems to me one of his best books (!). He looked very handsome then, with his black hair, fine eyes, and a sort of crucified expression.

So slight were the communications kept up between Cheyne Row and Woodbridge during the last twenty years of Carlyle's life, that Fitzgerald, in his New Year's letter to him for 1867, desired his compliments to Mrs. Carlyle, and learned only by the reply of her sudden death in the previous April. Then on one of Fitzgerald's last trips to London, in March, 1881, he "was all but tempted to jump into a cab, and just knock at Carlyle's door, and ask after him, and give my card,

and—run away!" Froude's "Life" it was that brought final reconciliation.

I regret [Fitzgerald wrote to Mrs. Kemble] that I did not know what the book tells while Carlyle was alive; that I might have loved him as well as admired him. But Carlyle never spoke of himself in that way. I never heard him advert to his works and his fame, except one day he happened to mention, "About the time when men began to talk of me."

Mrs. Carlyle's "Letters" told, he considered, "a story so tragic that I know not if it ought not to have been withheld from the public. But I do not the less recognize Carlyle for more admirable than before."

And by way of finishing what I have to say about Carlyle for the present [he continued to Professor Norton] I will tell you that I had to go up to our huge, hideous London a week ago on disagreeable business, which business, however, I got over in time for me to run to Chelsea before I returned home at evening. I wanted to see the statue on the Chelsea Embankment, which I had not yet seen, and the old No. 5 Cheyne Row, which I had not seen for five-and-twenty years. The statue I thought very good, though looking somewhat small and ill set-off by its dingy surroundings. And No. 5 (now 24), which had cost her so much of her life, one may say, to make habitable for him, now all neglected, unswept, ungarnished, uninhabited, to LET. I cannot get it out of my head, the tarnished scene of the tragedy (one must call it) there enacted.

Fitzgerald's habits of seclusion naturally grew more inveterate with advancing years, while his constitutional shyness made any but the most homely society intolerable to him. He could not but feel, too, that he and his early friends were progressing along divergent lines, although he wronged them by his not infrequent suspicions that their good-will towards him had been smothered by prosperity. "Hydrophobia has done its worst," he said in 1844 of Tennyson, then staying at Park House; "he writes the names of his friends in water." And the news of his marriage evoked the comment to Frederic Tennyson: "You know Alfred himself never writes, nor indeed

cares a halfpenny about one, though he is very well satisfied to see one when one falls in his way."

With Thackeray, too, he was now and again out of humor.

Thackeray [he told F. Tennyson, May 4, 1848] is progressing greatly in his line; he publishes a novel in numbers — "Vanity Fair" — which began dull, I thought, but gets better every number, and has some very fine things indeed in it. He is become a great man I am told; goes to Holland House and Devonshire House, and for some reason or other will not write a word to me. But I am sure this is not because he is asked to Holland House.

And in the following year: —

I have seen Thackeray three or four times. He is just the same. All the world admires "Vanity Fair," and the author is courted by dukes and duchesses, and wits of both sexes. I like "Pendennis" much, and Alfred said he thought "it was quite delicious; it seemed to him so mature," he said. You can imagine Alfred saying this over one's fire, spreading his great hand out.

Then from London, April 17, 1850: —

Dear old Alfred is out of town. Speding is my sheet-anchor, the truly wise and fine fellow. I am going to his rooms this very evening, and there I believe Thackeray, Venables, etc., are to be. I hope not a large assembly, for I get shyer and shyer even of those I knew. Thackeray is in such a great world that I am afraid of him; he gets tired of me, and we are content to regard each other at a distance.

This distrust was, however, dissipated by the "noble kindness" (as Fitzgerald called it) of Thackeray's letter of farewell to him, on the eve of his departure for America, in October, 1852. "I should like my daughters to remember," he said in it, "that you are the best and oldest friend their father ever had, and that you would act as such, as my literary executor, and so forth," with other words of scarcely less than tender affection. Their subsequent meetings were few. Once, in 1857, we hear that Thackeray came in at Fitzgerald's London lodgings, "looking grey, grand, and good-humored. He goes lecturing all over

England; has fifty pounds for each lecture; and says he is ashamed of the fortune he is making. But he deserves it." Then, on Christmas eve, 1863, came the melancholy close. Fitzgerald was hit hard by it. For weeks he

thought of little else than of W. M. T., what with reading over his books and the few letters I had kept of his, and thinking over our five-and-thirty years' acquaintance, as I sat alone by my fire these long nights. I had seen very little of him for these last ten years — *nothing* for the last five. He did not care to write, and people told me he was become a little spoiled by London praise, and some consequent egotism. But he was a very fine fellow. His books are wonderful: "Pendennis," "Vanity Fair," and "The Newcomes," to which compared Fielding's seems to me coarse work.

To another correspondent: —

I keep reading his "Newcomes" of nights, and, as it were, hear him saying so much in it; and it seems to me as if he might be coming up my stairs, and about to come (singing) into my room, as in old Charlotte Street, etc., thirty years ago.

Frederic Tennyson sent him a photograph of Thackeray, "old, white, massive, and melancholy, sitting in his library;" and he bespoke from Laurence a replica of his portrait of him. "When," he says, "I had unscrewed the last screw" (of the box containing it), "it was as if a coffin's lid were raised; there was the dead man. I took him up to my bedroom, and when morning came he was there — reading; alive, and yet dead."

In the summer of 1864, Fitzgerald bought a farmhouse near Woodbridge, which he transformed into that "sub-urban grange" where Tennyson visited him in September, 1876.

Yes [he says]; A. T. called one day, after near twenty years' separation, and we were in a moment as if we had been together all that while. He had his son Hallam with him, whom I liked much — unaffected and unpretentious, so attentive to his father, with a humorous sense of his character, as well as a loving and respectful. It was good to see them together.

Thence, too, the poet carried away with

him the picturesque image of "Old Fitz," —

Whom yet I see as there you sit
 Beneath your sheltering garden tree
 And watch your doves about you flit,
 And plant on shoulder, hand, and knee,
 Or on your head their rosy feet,
 As if they knew your diet spares
 Whatever moved in that full sheet
 Let down to Peter at his prayers ;
 Who live on milk, and meal, and grass.

Fitzgerald found it pleasant "to see one's little gables and chimneys mount into air and occupy a place in the landscape ;" but discovered too late that the new house, "after being built at near double its proper cost, is just what I do not want, according to the usage of the Ballyblunder family, of which I am a very legitimate offshoot." Indeed, it was only through the accident of his ejection, by a virago, from the lodgings on the Market Hill, Woodbridge, which he had occupied for thirteen years, that he reluctantly shifted his quarters to "Little Grange." He had intended it for the accommodation of his nieces. "It is not my fault," he said, "they do not make it their home." Two at a time (there were eight in all), however, sometimes gratified him with long visits ; an ancient couple, who celebrated their golden wedding under his roof, relieved him from the detested cares of housekeeping ; and his garden grew to be the music of his old age. He might have had many distinguished guests. Mr. Lowell, for instance, proposed running down to see him in 1877 ; but Fitzgerald put him off until his house was "emptied of nieces," hoping to secure, in lieu of a bare interview, a stay "for such time as would allow of some palpable acquaintance ;" and it was then too late.

I never [he wrote to him in 1879] make any sort of "hospitality" to the few who ever do come this way, but just put a fowl in the pot (as Don Quixote's *ama* might do), and hire a shandrydan for a drive, or a boat on the river, and "there you are," as one of Dickens's pleasant young fellows says. But I never ask any one to come,

and out of his way to see me, a very ancient and solitary bird indeed.

The maritime passion of his Norse ancestors absorbed a large share of Fitzgerald's later life. His summers from 1861 to 1877 were spent mostly afloat, his winters in good part at Aldeburgh or Lowestoft, where "that old sea is always talking to one, telling its ancient story."

My chief amusement in life [he told Professor Cowell in May, 1861] is boating on river and sea. The country about here is the cemetery of so many of my oldest friends, and the petty race of squires who have succeeded only use the earth for an *investment* — cut down every old tree, level every violet-bank, and make the old country of my youth hideous to me in my decline. So I get to the water, where friends are not buried nor pathways stopt up ; but all is, as the poets say, as Creation's dawn beheld. I am happiest going in my little boat round the coast to Aldbro', with some bottled porter and some bread and cheese, and some good, rough soul who works the boat and chews his tobacco in peace. An Aldbro' sailor, talking of my boat, said : "She go like a violin. She do !" What a pretty conceit, is it not ? As the bow slides over the strings in a liquid tune. Another man was talking yesterday of a great storm : "and, in a moment, all as calm as a clock."

You must think [he said to Thompson] I have become very nautical, by all this — haul away at ropes, swear, dance hornpipes, etc. But it is not so ; I simply sit in boat or vessel as in a moving chair, dispensing a little grog and shag to those who do the work.

Then, in 1863, he had a pretty fifteen-ton schooner built, which he named the *Scandal* (after the "staple of Woodbridge"), and he actually crossed the Channel in her.

I am just returned in my ship from Holland [he related] where I stayed — two days ! and was so glad to rush away home after being imprisoned in a sluggish, unsweet canal in Rotterdam, and after tearing about to Amsterdam, the Hague, etc., to see things which were neither new nor remarkable to me, though I had never seen them before, except in pictures, which represent to you the places as well as if you went there, without the trouble of going.

I am sure wiser men, with keener *out-sight* and *in-sight*, would see what no pictures could give; but this I know is always the case with me. This is my last voyage abroad, I believe, unless I go to see Raffaele's "Madonna" at Dresden, which no other picture can represent than itself, unless Dante's "Beatrice."

He had even managed to miss seeing most of the great Dutch paintings, which were the chief inducement to his trip. Never was there a less adroit traveller.

His maritime life was tinctured by sedate romance and beautified by the passion for great literature which it unaccountably excited:—

As Johnson took Cocker's Arithmetic with him on travel because he shouldn't exhaust it, so I thought I would take Dante and Homer with me, instead of Mudie's books, which I read through directly. I took Dante by way of slow digestion, not having looked at him for some years; but I am glad to find I relish him as much as ever. He atones with the sea, as you know does the Odyssey. These are the men!

Next came the turn of Euripides, Æschylus, Sophocles:—

Oh, those two Cædipuses! but then that Agamemnon! Well, one shall be the Handel and t'other the Haydn—one the Michael Angelo and t'other the Raffaele of Tragedy.

It is wonderful [he says] how the sea brought up this appetite for Greek. It likes to be called *θάλασσα* and *πόντος* better than (by) the wretched word "sea," I am sure; and the Greeks—especially Æschylus, after Homer—are full of seafaring sounds and allusions. I think the murmur of the Ægean wrought itself into their language.

Fitzgerald regretfully parted with the Scandal in 1871, and contented himself with "sailing on the river Deben, looking at the crops as they grow green, yellow, russet, and are finally carried away in the red and blue wagons with the sorrel horse;" until, on the death of his old boatman in 1877, he wrote "Finis" to his nautical experiences. Thenceforth he looked for pleasure to his flowers and his books. He was no mere passive reader. His mind reacted

vitality under the influence of the authors with whom it came in contact. Hence the intense individuality of his comments upon books. Those that he really loved were to him so many life dramas, at which he assisted with palpitating emotion. Actual existence seemed vapid and savorless by comparison with the great typical passages from it imaged out by the masters. He wrote, October 28, 1867, to Mr. W. F. Pollock, just as his yacht was being dismantled, and her crew about to eat the Michaelmas goose with which he regaled them before each setting of the Pleiades:—

I have had "Don Quixote," Boccaccio, and my dear Sophocles (once more) for company on board; the first of these so delightful that I got to love the very dictionary in which I had to look out the words; yes and often the same words over and over again. The book really seemed to me the most delightful of all books. Boccaccio, delightful too, but millions of miles behind; in fact, a whole planet away.

And, after nine "revolving years" to Professor Norton:—

Only a week ago I began my dear "Don Quixote" over again, as welcome and fresh as the flowers of May. The second part is my favorite, in spite of what Lamb and Coleridge, I think, say; when, as old Hallam says, Cervantes has fallen in love with the hero, whom he began by ridiculing. When this letter is done I shall get out into my garden with him, Sunday though it be.

"I have this summer," he told Mrs. Thompson in 1875, "made the acquaintance of a great lady, with whom I have become perfectly intimate through her letters, Madame de Sévigné. I had hitherto kept aloof from her because of that eternal daughter of hers; but 'it's all truth and daylight,' as Kitty Clive said of Mrs. Siddons." Besides, as he remarked, after a second reading, "the eye gradually learns to skim over the fuss and get at the fun." And again to Mrs. Cowell: "If you go to Britany you must go to my dear Sévigné's 'Rochers.' If I had the 'go' in me I should get there this summer too, as to

Abbotsford and Stratford. She has been my companion here [Lowestoft]; quite alive in the room with me. I sometimes lament I did not know her before; but perhaps such an acquaintance comes in best to cheer one toward the end."

In 1865 he told George Crabbe:—

I am now reading "*Clarissa Harlowe*" for about the fifth time. I dare say you wouldn't have patience to read it once; indeed, the first time is the most trying. It is a very wonderful, and quite an original and unique book, but almost intolerable from its length and sentimentality.

And he assured Allen that—

The piece of literature I really could benefit posterity with, I do believe, is an edition of that wonderful and aggravating "*Clarissa Harlowe*," and this I would effect with a pair of scissors only. It would not be a bit too long, as it is, if it were all equally good; but pedantry comes in, and might, I think, be cleared away, leaving the remainder *one of the great original works of the world* in this line.

Elsewhere he recalled Tennyson once saying to him of "*Clarissa*," "I love those large, still books."

He prepared also a volume of "*Readings from Crabbe*," the circulation of which would, in his opinion, have lifted that homely poet once more to the surface of public favor; but it never saw the light.

Of Miss Austen he said:—

She is capital as far as she goes; but she never goes out of the parlor. If but Magnus Troil, or Jack Bunce, or even one of Fielding's brutes would dash in upon the gentility, and swear a round oath or two! I must think the "*Woman in White*," with her Count Fosco, far beyond all that. Cowell constantly reads Miss Austen at night after his Sanskrit philology is done; it composes him like gruel; or like Paisiello's music, which Napoleon liked above all other because he said it didn't interrupt his thoughts.

Fitzgerald had an abnormal admiration for the "*Woman in White*." Thrice at least he regretfully finished it. "*Brave Trollope*," again, was among his favorites, while he classed

George Eliot among the "dreadful Denners of romance."

I cannot get on [he said] with books about the daily life which I find rather insufferable in practice about me. I never could bear Miss Austen nor [later] the famous George Eliot. Give me people, places, and things which I don't and can't see—Antiquaries, Jeanie Deans, Dalgettys, etc. As to Thackeray's, they are terrible. I really look at them on the shelf, and am half afraid to touch them. He, you know, could go deeper into the springs of common action than these ladies. Wonderful he is, but not delightful, which one thirsts for as one gets old and dry.

The institution of a "reading-boy" dated from 1869, when Fitzgerald's eyes were nearly "blazed away by paraffin." They recovered, but precariously, and were never afterwards fit for use by lamplight. The post was an enviable one. Of the first occupant poor Fitzgerald said: "He stumbles at every third word, and gets dreadfully tired, and so do I; but I renovate him with cake and sweet wine." With others, the business of the night being concluded, a game of piquet was feasible; and then out on the table would sometimes steal a tame mouse, whom the flutter of a card was not allowed to disturb. Scott made the staple of these symposia:—

I have had read to me of nights [Fitzgerald recorded in 1878] some of Sir Walter Scott's Scotch novels—"Waverley," "Rob," "Midlothian," now the "Antiquary"—eking them out as charily as I may. For I feel, in parting with each, as parting with an old friend whom I may never see again. Plenty of dull, and even some bad, I know; but parts so admirable, and the whole so delightful. It is wonderful how he sows the seed of his story from the very beginning, and in what seems barren ground; but all comes up in due course, and there is the whole beautiful story at last. I think all this forecast is to be read in Scott's shrewd, humorous face, as one sees it in Chantrey's bust.

Dickens, too, he "worshipped, in spite of Carlyle and the critics." "He always lights one up somehow." And he quoted with humorous enjoyment Carlyle's saying, at the time when

"David Copperfield" was appearing in numbers, "that he is a showman whom one gives a shilling to once a month to see his raree show, and then sends about his business."

On March 9, 1881, James Spedding died at St. George's Hospital from the effects of a street accident. The news struck Fitzgerald to the heart:—

"What a man!" he exclaimed; "as in life, so in death, which, as Montaigne says, proves what is at the bottom of the vessel." "I did not know," he wrote to another correspondent, "that I should feel Spedding's loss as I do, after an interval of more than twenty years since meeting him. I wake almost every morning feeling as if I had lost something, as one does in a dream; and, truly enough, I have lost him." "But he lives his old self, in my heart of hearts; and all I hear of him does but embellish the recollection of him, if it could be embellished;" for he was the same "from a boy, all that is best in heart and head, a man that would be incredible had one not known him."

Yet he never ceased lamenting over his "half-whitewashed Bacon." To Fitzgerald "this life of his wasted on a vain work" seemed "a tragedy pathetic as 'Antigone' or 'Iphigenia.'" "To re-edit Bacon's works," he wrote to Professor Norton, March 13, 1881, "which did not want any such re-editing, and to vindicate his character, which could not be cleared, did this Spedding sacrifice forty years, which he might well have given to accomplish much greater things—Shakespeare, for one." And yet he could add: "He was the wisest man I have known."

Fitzgerald knew well enough that his own time was at hand. "On March 31," he remarked, "I shall enter on my seventy-third year, and none of my family reaches over seventy-five." And when suffering, six years earlier, from pains about the heart: "I fancy that I begin to 'smell the ground,' as sailors say of the ship that slackens speed as the water shallows under her. I can't say I have much care for long life, but still less for long death; I mean a lingering one."

His wish was granted. On June 12, 1883, he wrote to Samuel Laurence from his Grange:—

Here I live still, reading, and being read to, part of my time, walking abroad three or four times a day, or night, in spite of wakening a bronchitis, which has lodged like the household "Brownie" within; pottering about my garden, and snipping off dead roses, like Miss Tox; and now and then a visit to the neighboring seaside, and a splash to sea in one of the boats. I never see a new picture, nor hear a note of music except when I drum out some old tune in winter on an organ, which might almost be carried about the streets with a handle to turn, and a monkey on the top of it. So I go on, living a life far too comfortable as compared with that of better and wiser men; but ever expecting a reverse in health such as my seventy-five years are subject to.

This was apparently his last letter. Next day he went to pay his annual visit at Merton Rectory, but arrived without spirits or appetite. "At ten," his host, a younger George Crabbe, related, "he said he would go to bed. I went up with him. At a quarter to eight I tapped at his door to ask how he was, and, getting no answer, went in, and found him as if sleeping peacefully, but quite dead. A very noble character has passed away."

Sixteen days before his death he had written to one of his nieces: "It seems strange to me to be so seemingly alert—certainly, alive—amid such fatalities with younger and stronger people. But, even while I say so, the hair may break and the suspended sword fall. If it would but do so at once, and effectually!"

Mr. J. H. Groome, son of Archdeacon Groome, an intimate of Fitzgerald's, published some interesting personal reminiscences of him in *Blackwood's Magazine* for November, 1889. He (then eight years old) recalled him as "a tall, sea-browned man," the originator of many picnics and sailing excursions, and the dispenser to his guests of oysters and audit ale, while he paced up and down, munching an apple or a turnip, and applying himself at intervals to a huge jug of milk. His

utterance was slow and melodious, and his voice, once heard, could never be forgotten, owing to a pausing intonation peculiar to it that suggested the fall of a breaking wave. His charity was unstinted, and he was, from first to last, absolutely simple and unpretentious. Once, when his mother arrived at Cambridge in her stately equipage of a coach drawn by four black horses, he was unable to obey her summons to come down in consequence of his only pair of shoes being at the cobbler's; and he did not grow smarter as he grew older. "I can see him now," Mr. Groome writes, "walking into Woodbridge with an old Inverness cape, slippers on feet, and a handkerchief, very likely, tied over his hat. Yet one always recognized in him the Hidalgo. Never was there a more perfect gentleman."

Himself and his "shabby life" (as it appeared to him) he held in small esteem. He was apt to regard his correspondence as intrusive, and demanded for his inimitable letters often not so much as the compliment of a bare acknowledgment. Yet in writing them he was unconsciously building up his own literary reputation, besides preparing for thousands such pleasure as he himself took in his Sévigné. Even hardened reviewers like ourselves cannot refer back to a marked passage without imminent risk of getting ensnared by the charm of pages already perused. "L'appétit vient en mangeant." We can only regret that so many of these choice missives have perished. Of the hundreds, for instance, addressed to Spedding, not one survives. But, before condemning their destruction as a delinquency, we should assure ourselves that it was not the performance of a duty; and on this point we have no information.

Fitzgerald "pretended to be little more than a versifier;" and it must be admitted that his outfit as an original poet was incomplete. True, some delicious verses by him, of which Lamb said "'Tis a poem I envy," appeared anonymously in the *Athenæum* of July 9, 1831; but the singing impulse to a

great extent died out; no inner coercion drove him to produce, and life suggested no theme that came within the compass of his lyre. Besides, the *cui bono?* as he said of other enterprizes, deadened him at every step. He found at last in books the lacking inspiration. Introduced in 1850 to Calderon by Mr. E. B. Cowell, now professor of Sanskrit at Cambridge, Fitzgerald promptly recognized his vocation as a translator. As a translator, and more. For he worked on the theory that "translation must be paraphrase to be readable;" and that to retain "forms of verse and thought irreconcilable with English language and English ways of thinking" was fatal to vitality:—

I am persuaded [he wrote to Mr. Lowell] that, to keep life in the work (as Drama must), the translator must re-cast the original into his own likeness, more or less—the less like his original, so much the worse—but still, the live Dog better than the dead Lion, in drama, I say. As to Epic, is not Cary still the best Dante? Cowper and Pope were both men of genius, out of my sphere; but whose Homer still holds its own? The elaborately exact, or the "teacup-time" parody?

In 1853 he published his brilliant version of six of the less-known Calderon dramas; in 1865, he was encouraged to print, for private circulation, "The Mighty Magician," and "Life is a Dream." The surprising merit of the works was at once recognized. The plays were not so much translated as transmuted into English. No mere anatomical preparations, but moving organisms, albeit modified by a daring process of artificial selection, were added to our literature; and the success of the experiment was emphasized, much to Fitzgerald's astonishment, by the bestowal upon him in 1881 of the Calderon medal.

His Persian were begun some three years later than his Spanish studies, but under the same auspices; and they quickly bore fruit. From the first, he was fascinated by Omar Khayyam, the "Mahometan Blackguard" (Carlyle's term of endearment towards him)

whose precept "Let us eat and drink" (chiefly the latter), "for to-morrow we die," has never needed strenuous enforcement. "Poor fellow!" exclaimed Fitzgerald, "I think of him, and Oliver Basselin, and Anacreon; lighter shadows among the shades, perhaps over which Lucretius presides so grimly." He did more than think of him. For in 1859, in beggarly disguise as to paper and print, but magnificent vesture of verse, appeared the

golden Eastern lay,
Than which I know no version done
In English more divinely well;
A planet equal to the sun
Which cast it, that large infidel,
Your Omar.

So Tennyson wrote in that funeral dedication of "Tiresias," committed to press only after the "full light of friendship" commemorated by it had sunk into darkness.

Fitzgerald also adapted from the Persian Attâr's "Bird-Parliament," and Jâmi's "Sâlmân and Absâl;" but with less *éclat* :—

I hardly know [he said] why I print any of these things which nobody buys. I suppose very few people have ever taken such pains in translation as I have: though certainly not to be literal. But at all cost, a thing must *live*: with a transfusion of one's own worse life if one can't retain the original's better.

His version of the "Agamemnon" was not intended for those who know the original; but, "by hook or by crook, to interest those who do not." It is nevertheless a majestic poem, animated with antique vigor, if little regardful of its antique model. Scholars may well "gasp and stare" at the summary mode in which textual difficulties are disposed of. It was regarded by the author as the most "impudent" of all his productions, *Æschylus*, as he truly said, "being left nowhere."

Fitzgerald printed in 1851 a sort of Platonic dialogue entitled "Euphranor," the concluding passage of which, describing a boat-race at Cambridge, was considered by Tennyson a very

beautiful piece of English prose. "I wonder he should have thought twice about it," Fitzgerald remarked in his unfeigned humility. Yet he had some liking for this "pretty specimen of chiselled cherry-stone." There is, indeed, something of the *caviare* flavor about it. The "man in the street" may be got to admit its merits; only a connoisseur can enjoy them. "Euphranor" is in a high degree academic; it smells of the lamp; there is something set and deliberate about plan alike and execution; it wants impulse, vehemence, *entrain*.

Fitzgerald caught the ear of the public only when lifted by a wave of enthusiasm; and he did all he could, by oddities and caprices in publication, to prevent the success which came late, from coming at all. Nor was he dazzled by its onset. "What I think, and know," he said, "of my small escapades in print" is that they are "nice little things, some of them, which may interest a few people for a few years. But I am always a little ashamed of having made my leisure and idleness the means of putting myself forward in print, when really so many much better people keep silent, having other work to do." And this was his genuine feeling. It seemed, if one might say so, just touch-and-go whether the world ever heard of him. A shade more indolence, a shade less impetus, and the "nightingale of Woodbridge" might have uttered no audible note. Its absence would not only have impoverished the orchestra of modern English song, but the public would have been debarred from the privilege of his posthumous acquaintance. His letters, had they come from an undistinguished recluse, would assuredly have suffered cremation, or been abandoned to decay; they have been in great part happily preserved as recording the thoughts and sentiments of the interpreter of *Æschylus*, Omar, Calderon—of one not altogether unworthy to join the visionary company of *Tiresias*,

On one far height, in one far-shining fire.

From Temple Bar.

LEAVES FROM FRA GIOVANNI'S DIARY.

May 19th. — Florence at last — and all the saints be praised ! — praised, be it understood, that the journey, dusty and soul-wearying, has come to an end, not because the goal is reached. A subtle distinction, my book, which you and I can understand. Praise that the toil is past, not that the end is gained.

A sullen uncouth city. Who, dandled on the knees of Rome and nourished on her glories, could praise even the weakest saint for such a compulsory haven as Florence ? Not I.

But to be quit of the dust and glare and heat of that last interminable valley, and to be housed in the tranquil coolness of even such gloomy lodging as these rude lords can give, is something calling forth a benediction, and so — all the saints be praised !

What an ill-luck was mine to be hooked on to the train of a paltry embassy to hang three miserable monks ! Could not our holy father have let these coarse Florentines do their own hangings without thrusting his sacred fingers into the business ? wearing the soul of Torriano to a shred — though that, I think, is no great labor, and is due more to the journey than the cause thereof — until he be as cross-grained as an olive stock ; and fretting mine to boot — a much more sad affair to him who owns the soul !

But that gay blaze to follow on the heels of the hanging will set the general in his humor again. Why hang them first ? say I. But that, it may be, is because I never yet saw a man burnt — a pity truly that a good experience should be wasted ! It may be I shall never be so near a good burning again ; and then to hang them first — the dolts.

If all I hear be true, they would go to the fire rarely, unless that poor Silvestro failed of his nerve, and even that would lend a strangeness to the sight — add a fresh flavor. But what a fool am I to pat my expectation on the back ; hanged they will be, and there's an end of it.

Strange how a man's humor changes with rest and a good meal. Both I have had, and the old town, which this very morning seemed so crudely conceived and rugged, has taken on a softened touch and a glamour which is not Roman, yet comes near to me strangely.

Perchance that Duomo of Brunelleschi, aided by Giotto's slender shaft of beauty, has cast its spell upon me ; and this alone to thee, oh mirror of my soul ! — that strangely sweet, sorrowful face under the shadow of the great tower has moved me to kindlier thought. What a fair penitent to shrive ! To what a long category of innocent sin could I not give ear ! How gently could I not guide the timid soul which looked upon me with such sad eyes ! With what solicitude — bah, Giovanni, my friend, she is not for thee to shrive ; but Florence is the brighter for her face for all that ! That was where Girolamo preached ; and what a waste of intellect ! The Red Hat to be had for the holding out his hand ; and to hug his dreams the rather and prate against the pope ! Giovanni, why wert thou not in his shoes ? But, then, had he not so prated, the hat had never been dangled. For advancement there is nothing like a stern virtue held under judicious control. There is where Girolamo failed and where Giovanni had succeeded — had he had the virtue !

We mostly, I think, take after our mothers, and Rome is the only parent I ever knew. Perchance had I lived in San Marco, that face would have seemed to me only sorrowful, the sweetness nothing ; but I am a Roman, and the sweetness moved me first, the sadness after.

May 20th. — An early mass at San Marco ; my white-robed brethren seem like so many frightened pigeons, such a flutter has the coming of Torriano wrought amongst them.

Already they are eager to abjure this Girolamo and all his works ; a case of witchcraft surely, since they fought like tigers for him a few short weeks

gone by. Or a case of pitiful, cowardly hounds cringing to heel at the first clear stroke of the whip? To-day I will make my choice, for Romolino and the general will bring the three face to face, and having endured the toils from Rome hither I must needs be there to see the baiting; and yet, the sport will be but poor, for the odds are sorely unfair. All Christendom and the devils of the Medici against three poor monks. The powers of heaven and hell against two fanatics and a chattering imbecile.

Poor Girolamo, he were better to hang at once, and have done with it, for the bishop will play him like cat and mouse. Torture him soul and spirit and hang him bodily afterwards; a zealous reformer is Romolino.

Strange how that face haunts me — a glimpse yesterday and another to-day. Mere glances shot into the eyes, no more; count three slowly, twice, and that is all; but I am restless and stirred in a way that is new to me.

To-day I think she knew me, for the eyes flashed an inward question, then darkened as if the answer had not pleased. But what is that to me? Strange I never thought to tell myself before — I am a monk. If there be many like her in Florence, small wonder Girolamo preached, and is to hang for his preaching.

Let me praise the saints that I am Roman and not Florentine, else had there been four monks to hang instead of three.

How those black Franciscan dogs bayed at his heels! Truly he must be a great man to be worth so much good, honest hate, the only honest thing about them. How he scorned them — yet hardly scorn, rather a tolerant contempt, as if nought better could be looked for. While all the while Torriano, for very decency's sake, strove to hide that the man was judged already. Then at last —

"Thou hast a devil," shouted Romolino, "and this kind comes not out but by prayer and fasting."

"A devil, Lord Bishop," cried he back, smartly enough, a gleam of fire

in the hawk's eyes shrunk deep in their hollows. "So said they of one of old, and lied. As for fasting, the rack has been my banquet board these many days past, and that thou knowest."

Then his eyes swept us who stood behind, and he flung his hand out as if into our very faces.

"Prayer and fasting! See ye to that, with your wine-feasts and your love-feasts. For me, I go to a feast which no mortal hand hath spread."

Then he fell silent, and looked up to the roof of the great hall, the glory flaming in his eyes and a smile flickering round his moving lips as if he spoke with one who pleased him well; as truly I believe he did.

I would I had remained in Rome; a man like this is a sore fret to my complacency, and wrenches the very foundation of my peace and comfort. Why could he not have hung in silence?

I think those Franciscan curs would have torn him to pieces then and there, had not the soldiery fenced him round, not for love, since he has lashed them many a time, but for very shame's sake, lest the murder seem too gross. And what need to kill, when the legate had the pope's decree in his pocket? Sheer waste of good justice, and at a risk too.

Passing out of the hall I plucked the general by the sleeve — hopeless, I knew, for who is Torriano to stand against Alexander, even if he so willed? But my heart was seething in hot blood, and speak I must, the more readily, perhaps, that it could serve no end.

What I said is gone from me — not argument, I think; men in my temper have no thought for cold rule of right and wrong — but rather to move his pity.

Give him his due, he heard me out — what a fool I must have looked among them all! — then patted me lightly on the shoulder.

"Thou hast learned a good lesson, Giovanni. Of all the pleas to move a human soul the plea of the poor devil is the best." Then he laughed, with

rather a choke in his breath, I thought, gathered up his robe about him, and was gone, leaving me licking dry lips with a dry tongue. At heart not a bad fellow, Torriano, and he hates the Franciscans, as becomes his order. Well, it is none of my doing, and my soul's my own; if a man can call his soul his own when it is pulled this way and that by a fire-brained monk and a face in the crowd.

May 21st. — She seems to haunt the churches. Yesterday it was San Marco, to-day the Duomo, where I saw her from my place beside the general, and the gaunt, naked walls took on a glow that all Agnello Gaddi's Glory of Glass could not give them.

A venom-bitten Franciscan raved a full hour, and I, who by reason of being a monk am intolerant of much preaching, gave him my benediction for his wordiness. What a rest it was to sit and watch the play of light in her eyes! What a passion of life lay behind that flash of white wrath! What a divinity of pity melted in her tears! For the black-coated dog in the pulpit moved her to both, and all for Fra Girolamo! Had I but stood in his shoes no monk had hung for reform! But had there been no fury of reform, would the eyes have blazed and wept as they did to-day? What hast thou to do with her eyes, Giovanni? All of a clap it has come that thou art both man and monk, with the devil to play the see-saw between the two.

Now and then the crowd surged between me and her face; then what could I do but hear the harsh yelp of the coward cur snarling at his betters? A nice Sunday homily, in truth, for men and women to hearken to, who, within the same walls, have swayed, breathless, to pleadings of a heaven-possessed soul.

I think, but that the crowd surged back again, I must needs have wrecked my certain prospects of preferment, and plucked the poison-tongued liar from his place; but, praise the saints, the throng, heaving this way and that, was not long in clearing a laneway to

where she stood beside a pillar over against the pulpit. And then the tempest of invective died into a music, and I sat as at a feast, with such a vision as Angelico might have seen. What was that he said yesterday? Prayer and fasting? Curse him, what does he know of the hunger of a human soul; not for overmuch, a look or a touch, I think; but the crave tears and gnaws and yearns.

For a full hour I have spoken with him face to face. It came about in this wise.

Torriano loves not the Franciscans; as how could he, being a Dominican and our very head and front? Girolamo brought disfavor on the order, therefore Girolamo must be crushed. But to-day that *fra maladetto* — I know not his name — mingled a crafty censure in his speech, pouring his vials upon all our robes, and so roused the general's wrath. Hence, if Girolamo may be spared, spared he shall be; Alexander and his legate notwithstanding, and St. Dominic upheld. So that which my pleading could not do, being the word of a friend, may be done by the gibe of an enemy.

So I then, as one of the order and innocent of all heat, was sent to seek a reasonable pretext whereby the dead might live.

The turret-room which has been his home these six weeks past looked none so comfortless.

A crucifix — pictures he would none of — pens, ink, and paper; a cunning trap it seemed to me, but one that failed of its purpose, for though the bruised fingers labored sorely, the clear brain gave the enemy no cause to rejoice.

What a great soul he has! — greater than his mind, for all his intellect, for it was something more than human wit that brushed aside all my words, so that in less than five minutes I dropped all cunning of fence, and spoke with him spirit to spirit.

Was he coward enough to save himself and San Marco perish? Death! What was death to him but safety? Could he hide himself away in the

grave in peace, while Florence the beloved fell a prey to the Medici? Did he dare no longer face the wrath of Alexander that he fled to the peace of God?

Who would rise as champion of a pure church if he were swept aside? *He* to lay himself to rest! *He* to flee to the grave for peace! and all for a partless point of principle. A hair-splitting, with the whole fabric of the Faith at stake. A coward, I said, a coward, a coward! And in his face I flung back the gesture of the day before.

At the word his face took on a tinge of red—the weakness of fearing to seem weak ever beset Girolamo—but for all the flush in the cheek I might as well have urged the statue of Fortitude on the Loggia outside the window.

Yet through his calmness his lips quivered pitifully.

"San Marco and Florence are doomed," he said sorrowfully. "They knew not the day of their visitation. Look, to-morrow, what I wrote in the great hall beneath. The Faith? That is eternal. The Church?" his eyes kindled. "That will rise the higher for my ashes. It would go far to break my heart if Romolino held back my crown from me. My Church shall climb upward, nearer to the life invisible."

"Purity of the priesthood? See thou to that! The work of life lies nearest to our door; the gates clang behind me, for my warfare is ended. See thou to thine."

Prone before him—persecuted, forsaken, accursed as he was—prone before him I huddled myself, and would have kissed his feet, but that he drew me up and laid his lips against my forehead. There was silence a moment, then he said, like one in a dream,—

"Prayer and fasting: this kind goes not out but by prayer and fasting."

After that he seemed to forget that such a one as I was in his presence.

The prison-house was broken, blotted out, the roof shrivelled to a vapor, and

pure heaven round about him in his prayer.

As for me, I stumbled down the dusky staircase, groping my way, awed by the glory of his face, "See thou to that!" singing in my ears as it has sung ever since.

At the stairfoot Torriano met me, but asked no question, passing me by with a look, no need for words. The foreshadowed end must come.

May 22nd.—Already there is a bustle and clamor in the great square into which this old palace thrusts a grey shoulder. The clank and din of hammers mingled with the hoarse monotony of many voices.

From the window—had I the heart to look—I could see that slowly lengthening tongue of wood which to-morrow is to glow so horribly red at the point. Sentence has been confirmed.

Knowing the inevitable, I most pitiously besought the general to forego my attendance, and so spare my poor flesh a pang; but he was adamant.

"The honor of the order requires it," he said. "We must show those dearly loved brethren of St. Francis that this is but a local plague-spot on our white robe, and not a leavening disorder. Since we cannot save the poor devils, we must do the next best thing, and burn them with the cheer-fullest grace we can show, so that the dogs yelp not."

So it came that at the tragic farce of confirming the already confirmed, I stood beside his chair. They die to-morrow, for seeking to pluck a flame out of a coal fire.

It was full six weeks since they had met, six weeks brimful of torment to body and spirit. I think there were few eyes but felt the flush of moisture when those three monks drew together in the centre of the hall, and kissed one another solemnly in their bonds; shattered in frame but unbroken in will.

When the eagle has been snared in the net there is little to be said of meaner fowl in like evil case; there-

fore of the lesser brethren not much is writ.

To-day, many a time, Domenico would have broken out into bitter words, for all his soul was shaking with wrath; not for himself, but for the prior of his adoring love. But with a touch Girolamo subdued him, if not to peace at least to silence. A strong soul, Domenico; yet had there been no Girolamo, Domenico had lived and died the pope's very humble servant.

As for Silvestro, he trembled like a reed, a mere physical reaction, as I think, for the spirit was unbowed. The face might be pale, as whose might not at such a time? But the eyes which looked at Romolino up and down had no terror in them.

What a companionship must be theirs to-night, though not one of words, I think! There is but little room for words where the energy of faith crystallizes into death. One of spirit rather, and that strength which comes of union.

I would I were with them, then I might fight down the devil better than now. What a pendulum is man! Let me set it down, that I may look the truth in the face.

Leaving the hall with all the exaltation of rage and pity beating at my brain, there looked out of the crowd about the doorway that sorrowful, sweet face which has haunted me these three times. The blood surged to my heart and eyes like a wave flood, so that I gasped, and staggered — blinded.

The exaltation crumbled to despair, and all for a woman's face.

See thou to that — prayer and fasting! See thou to that — trample nature under foot and rise to heaven upon it! But heaven seems near at hand! See thou to that! How? — How? — Prayer and fasting, prayer and fasting! See thou to that!

What an echo rumbles from the square! There is the thud of a mallet; there the crash of a plank flung from shoulder high — the sharp ring

of a bolt driven home — the rhythmic traffic of life to slay life!

Has Florence no heart? Is gratitude dumb — memory dead? Is there not a soul in this accursed city that remembers? Aye, there is one. Oh, pure, pale face, and sorrowful, deep eyes! But the hammering and turmoil of this red, funeral horror will not let me rest, with its passionate, insistent voice. I must leave it all for to-night, or I shall go mad.

May 23rd. — All night long the brute city has prowled round the square, howling like a famished beast, restless, and on the alert for blood. All night long, through the hoarse outcry, has rolled the din of labor. Rasp of saw — clang of iron, and the hurrying feet trampling the hollow planks.

No peace without or within, for all night long I have cried into the darkness, and there is none to hearken.

Dimly the light has crept in, seeming to bear upon its wings, more shrill and clear than in the gloom, the noise of the eager, life-thirsty floodtide of wrath outside. In this I am steadfast: not even the general himself shall drag me out to see the hungry lust for murder in the eyes of those who have been loved so well.

Ha! how the tumult swells into a roar, and dies away in a gasp of silence as if the breath were choked down ten thousand throats.

I can hear their feet — the shuffle on the planks!

Is that the murmur of the office for the dead? Oh, God in heaven, shrive them! Oh, God in heaven, receive them!

It dies away. There is a buzz of expectation. The ladder — the rope — the struggle.

What is that? The crackle and roar of fire already, and a new red light that dances horribly on the wall!

Down on thy knees, Giovanni, and weep. Who weeps with thee but that one sorrowful, pale face?

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STREETS OF PARIS FORTY YEARS AGO.

THE changes which have come about during the last forty years in the aspect of the streets of Paris have been vastly more marked than those which have occurred in London within the same period. The two main reasons of the difference are : firstly, that London set to work to modify its ways at a much earlier date than Paris, and that Paris still retained, at the commencement of the fifties, many reminders of ancient sights and customs, and still presented many characteristics of past days, which, on this side of the Channel, had faded out long before ; secondly, that, when transformation did at last begin in Paris, it was far more sudden and violent, far more universal and radical, than the mild gradual variations we have introduced in London, and that, in consequence of the utterness of that transformation, an entire city was virtually swept away and a new one put in its place. The Paris of the First Empire was still visible in 1850, almost unaltered in its essential features ; old houses, old roadways, old vehicles, old cheapnesses, old particularities of all sorts, had been faithfully preserved, and struck both the eye and the pocket of the new-comer as signs of another epoch. It was not till Haussmann began, in 1854, the reconstruction, not only of so many of the buildings of Paris, but — what was far more grave — of its conditions, and practices, and order of existence, that the relics of former life, former manners, and former economies found themselves successively crushed out, and that the brilliant, extravagant Paris of Napoleon III. was evolved from the ruins.

At the commencement of the Second Empire Paris was still a city of many mean streets and a few grand ones ; still a city of rare pavements, rough stones, stagnant gutters, and scarcely any drainage ; still a city of uncomfortable homes, of varied smells, of relatively simple life, and of close intermixture of classes. This last element — the intermixture of classes —

exercised particular influence on the look of the streets as on the home contacts of the inhabitants, and needs to be borne always in mind in endeavoring to reconstitute the former aspects of the place. Of course there were, in those days as always, certain quarters of the town which were tenanted exclusively by the poor ; but the great feature was that the poor were not restricted to those special quarters ; they lodged everywhere else as well, wherever they found themselves in proximity to their work, in the most aristocratic as in the lowest districts. In almost every house in the fashionable parts of Paris the successive floors were inhabited by a regular gradation of classes from the bottom to the top ; over the rich people on the first and second floors were clerks and tradespeople *en chambre* on the third and fourth, and workmen of all sorts on the fifth and sixth. Thorough mingling of ranks under the same roof was the rule of life ; all the lodgers used the same stairs (in those days back staircases scarcely existed) ; all tramped up and down amidst the careless spillings and droppings of the less clean portion of the inmates. The most finished of the women of the period thought it natural to use the same flight as the dirty children from above them ; a lady going out to dinner in white satin did not feel shocked at meeting a mason in white calico coming in ; nodding acquaintances between fellow-lodgers were formed when time had taught them each other's faces. The effect of this amalgamation in the houses stretched out naturally into the streets, where, in consequence of the nearness of their homes, the various strata of the population of each quarter were thrown together far more promiscuously than they are now. The workers have no place in the new houses, which are built for the rich alone ; they have been driven to the outskirts, instead of being spread, more or less, over the whole town ; the classes and the masses live now entirely apart, in districts remote from each other, and the growing hate of the masses for the

classes has been considerably stimulated by the separation. A totally altered social relationship, a far less friendly attitude and feeling between the top and the bottom, has resulted from the expulsion of so many of the poor from their old homes.

The good streets of Paris forty years ago were therefore far more generally representative than they are to-day. They exhibited the various components of the community with more abundance, more accuracy, and a truer average; universal blending was their normal condition. The stranger learnt more from them in a day about types and categories than he can now learn in a week, for in the present state of things there are, in one direction, regions where a cloth coat is never beheld, and, in another, districts where a blouse is almost unknown. And when to this former medley of persons and castes we add the notable differences of dress, of bearing, of occupations of the passers-by from those which prevail in the rich quarters now, the contrast of general effect may easily be imagined. Forty years are but an instant in the history of a nation, and yet the last forty years have sufficed to produce an organic change in the appearance of the streets of Paris.

The change extends to everything — to the houses, the shops, the public and private carriages, the soldiers, the policemen, the hawkers' barrows, and the aspect of the men and women. Nearly everything has grown smarter, but everything without exception has grown dearer. Whether the former compensates for the latter is a question which every one must decide for himself according to his personal view.

The shops were of course inferior to what they are now. The show in the windows — the *montre*, as the French call it — was less brilliant and less tempting. They were, however, the prettiest of their time in Europe; and all that they have done since has been to march onward with the century, and, amidst the general progress of the world, to keep the front place they held

before. Stores, in the English sense, have never become acclimatized in Paris (though several attempts have been made to introduce them), mainly because the cooks refuse to purchase food in places where they can get no commission for themselves; but the growth of the Bon Marché and the Louvre, which has been entirely effected within the last forty years, supplies evidence enough that in Paris, as in London, the tendency of the period — outside the cooks — is towards comprehensive establishments, where objects of many natures can be found at low prices under the same roof. Potin, the universal grocer, supplies even an example of success in spite of the cooks. Yet, notwithstanding the competition of the new menageries of goods, most of the shop windows on the Boulevards and in the Rue de la Paix seem to indicate that the commerce inside is still prosperous. Certain sorts of shops have, it is true, entirely, or almost entirely, disappeared, partly from the general change of ways of life, partly from the absorption of their business by larger traders. For instance, I believe I am correct in saying that there is not now one single glove-shop left in Paris (I mean a shop in which gloves alone are kept, as used to be the case in former times). The high-class special dealers in lace, in *cachemire* shawls, in silks, have melted away. At the other end of the scale the *herboristes*, who sold medicinal herbs, have vanished too; the *rotisseurs*, who had blazing fires behind their windows, and supplied roast chickens off the spit, have abandoned business; even the hot-chestnut dealer of the winter nights is rarely to be discovered now. Specialities, excepting jewellery, are ceasing to be able to hold their own; emporiums are choking them. Measuring the old shops all round — in showiness, in variety of articles, in extent of business — they were incontestably inferior to those of to-day, though not more so than in any other capital.

The look of the private carriages was also far less bright. They were

less well turned out; the horses were heavier; the servants were often badly dressed; the driving was, if possible, more careless. French carriages (like French plates and knives) have always been more lightly made than those of England, and at that time the difference was more marked, because English carriages were more massive than now. The omnibuses and cabs were dirty and uncomfortable; ancient shapes still existed, and, certainly, they did not aid to adorn the streets.

In general terms it may be said that, in Paris as everywhere else—but more perhaps in Paris than elsewhere—there was, in comparison with to-day, less smartness, less alertness, less hurry, and of course less movement, for the population was much smaller, and the city was still limited by the *octroi* wall. The relative absence of bustle produced, however, no dulness; the streets were not so noisy, not so crowded, not so business-like as they have become since; but I think it is quite true to say that they were as bright. The brightness came from one special cause, from a spring of action proper to the time, which produced an aspect unlike that of other days. The great peculiarity, the striking mark and badge, which distinguished the streets of then from the streets of now, were supplied by a something which was nationally proper to the France of the period, by a something which none of us will see at work again in the same form—by the type of the Paris women of the time.

The question of the influence of women on the aspect of out-of-door life has always occupied the attention of travellers. I have discussed it—and, especially, the comparative attractiveness of European women of different races and epochs—with many cosmopolitan observers, including old diplomatists from various lands, who, as a class, are experienced *artistes en femmes* and profound students of “the eternal feminine,” and I have found a concordancy of opinion on two points: one, that the women of Paris have always stood first as regards open-air

effect (the Viennese are generally put second, though lengths behind); the other, that at no time within living memory have they contributed so largely, so exclusively indeed, to that effect as they did half a century ago. Their performance indoors is not included in the present matter; it is not their talk but their walk, not their home manner but their out-door *maintien*, not their social action in private but their physical effect in public, that concern us here.

The results, to the eye of the passer-by, were admirable; and so were the processes by which the results were reached. The period of Louis Philippe had been essentially honest and respectable; it had discouraged vanities and follies; it had encouraged moderation and prudence; it had reacted on the whole organization of the life of the time, and, amongst other things, on women's dress. It was a season of economy, of frank acceptance of the fruits of small money, and of an astonishing handiness in making the most out of little. When we look back (with the ideas of to-day) to the conditions of expenditure which prevailed then, it is difficult to believe that, with such limited resources, the woman of the time can have won such a place in the admiration of the world. I am certainly not far wrong in affirming that the majority of the women of the upper classes who ambled about the streets in those days had not spent ten pounds each on their entire toilette, every detail of it included. The tendency of the epoch was towards extreme refinement, but towards equally extreme simplicity as the basis of the refinement. There was no parade of stuffs, or colors, or of *façons*; there was scarcely any costly material; but there was a perfume of high breeding and a daintiness of small niceties that were most satisfying to the critical beholder. Finish not flourish, distinction not display, grace not glitter, were the aims pursued. The great ambition—indeed, the one ambition—was to be *comme il faut*; that phrase expressed the perfection of feminine possibilities

as the generation understood them. And they were *comme il faut*! Never has delicate femininity reached such a height, never has the ideal "lady" been so consummately achieved. That ideal (by its nature purely conventional) has never been either conceived or worked out identically in all countries simultaneously; local variety has always existed; the Russian lady, the German lady, the English lady, the French lady — I mean, of course, women of social position — have never been precisely like each other; the differences are diminishing with facilities of communication and more frequent contacts, but they still exist perceptibly, and half a century ago were clearly marked. The French lady of the time was most distinctly herself, not the same as the contemporaneous lady of other lands, and the feeling of the judges to whom I have already referred was that, out of doors, she beat them all. I personally remember her (I was young then, and probably somewhat enthusiastic) as a dream of charm, and feminine beyond anything I have seen or heard of since.

Conceive the effect she produced in the streets! Conceive the sensation of strolling in a crowd in which every woman had done her utmost to be *comme il faut*; in which, as a natural result, a good many looked "born;" in which a fair minority might have carried on their persons the famous lines inscribed on one of the arabesqued walls of the Alhambra, "Look at my elegance; thou wilt reap from it the benefit of a commentary on decoration." The fashions of the time aided in the production of the effect sought for; they were quiet, simple, subdued; and they were so because the women who adopted them had the good sense to take calm, simplicity, sobriety for their rules.

Alas! the expression *comme il faut* has disappeared from the French language, just as the type and the ideas of which I have been speaking have disappeared from French life. Something very different is wanted now. None but old people know the ancient

meaning of *comme il faut*; if the young ones were acquainted with it they would only scorn it. As the *Figaro* observed some years ago, "*la femme comme il faut est remplacée par la femme comme il en faut.*" When the streets were peopled by the "*femme comme il faut*," it was a privilege and a lesson to walk in them.

And yet, if she could be called to life again, the streets of to-day would only laugh at her. Paris has grown accustomed to another theory of woman, and would have no applause to offer to a revival of the past. The eye addicts itself to what it sees each day, mistakes mere habit for reasoned preference, and likes or dislikes, admires or contemns, by sheer force of contact; but surely it will be owned, even by those who are completely under present influences, that the principles of dress and bearing which were applied in Paris in the second quarter of the century had at all events a value which has become rare since. Women attained charm without expense, but with strong personality, for the reason that they manufactured it for themselves, and did not ask their tailor to supply it. It was a delicious pattern while it lasted, and while it corresponded to the needs of a time; but the time has passed, the pattern has become antiquated, and, in every way, Paris has lost largely by the change.

Unhappily there was a fault in this attractive picture; but as it was a fault common to all Europe then, and was in no way special to the French, it did not strike the foreign spectator of those days, because he was accustomed to it everywhere. The fault was that it was the fashion to look insipid! The portraits of the period testify amply to the fact, for they depict the least expressive looking generation that ever had itself painted. Both ringlets and flat *bandeaux* lent their aid successively to the fabrication of the air of weakness. The Parisienne, with all her natural vivacity, could not escape from the universal taint; in comparison with what she has been at other times and is to-day, there was about her a feebleness

of physiognomy, a suppression of animation, and even, in certain highly developed cases, an intentional assumption of languid imbecility. But at that time no one perceived this; we were all (men as well as women) determined to give ourselves an appearance of impassiveness, because we regarded it as one of the essential foundations of the *comme il faut*. We see now how fatuous we looked then; but at the moment we were blind to our own weakness, and simply beheld in placidity of movements and of countenance an indispensable adjunct of distinction.

And yet, with all this putting on of a puerility that did not belong to them, and was in utter contradiction to their nature, I repeat that those women stood entirely apart. Not only had they the admirable finish of detail in everything that composed them, but they possessed, furthermore, what they called *la manière de s'en servir*. Their handling of themselves was most interesting to study. What a spectacle it was, for instance, to see one of them come out on a damp day, stop for half a minute beneath the doorway while she picked up her skirts in little gathers in her left hand, draw the bottom tight against the right ankle, and start off, lifting the pleats airily beside her! Both the dexterity of the folding and the lightness of the holding were wonderful to contemplate; no sight in the streets was so intensely Parisian as that one. I imagine that, at this present date, there is not a woman in the place who could do it. The science is forgotten. The putting on of the shawl or mantle was another work of art, so skillfully was it tightened in so as to narrow and slope down the shoulders, as was the fashion then.

And if the higher strata contributed in this degree to the formation of the outdoor picture, almost as much must be said of the share of adornment of the streets which was furnished by many of the women of the lower classes, especially by what still remained of that delightful model, the *grisette*. The *grisette* was dying out at the beginning of the Second Empire,

but bright examples of her still survived, and it was impossible to look at them without keen appreciation of their strange attractiveness. It must be remembered that the *grisette* constituted a type, not a class; that she was a *grisette* because of what she looked like, not because of what she was. She was rather generally well-behaved, and always hard-working. She was a shop-assistant, a maker of artificial flowers, a sempstress of a hundred sorts, but it was not her occupation that made her a *grisette*; she became one solely by the clothes she chose to put on, and by the *allure* she chose to give herself. The *grisette* of Louis Philippe's time (which was the epoch of her full expansion) wore in the summer—the true season to judge her—a short cotton or muslin dress, always newly ironed, fresh, and crisp; a silk apron; a muslin *fichu*; a white lace cap trimmed with a quantity of flowers; delicate shoes and stockings (buttoned boots for women were just invented, but the *grisette* would have thought herself disgraced forever if she had come out either in boots or a bonnet); and on Sundays straw kid gloves with the one button of the period. With her sprightly step, the buoyant carriage of her head, her usually slight figure and pretty feet, she lighted up the streets like sunshine, and spread around her an atmosphere of brightness. She had even—in certain cases at all events—a distinction of her own, which was curious and interesting to observe. She, too, did her little best to be *comme il faut*, for that was the rule of the time, and really, in a sort of a way, she sometimes got very near it. Of course, the girls who composed the class of *grisettes* were unequal in their capacities and in the results they achieved. Some grew almost ladylike (though always with a slight savor of what, in Spain, is so expressively called “salt”), while others never lost the look and manners of their origin. But all resisted, with fair success, the influence of surrounding insipidity, and maintained, I think I may say alone, amidst the universal assumption of

apathy, the sparkle proper to the Gallic race. Alas! the Haussmannizing of Paris gave the last push to the fall of the *grisette*. She vanished with the narrow streets, the paving-stones, and the cheapness that had made her possible, and though she lingered for a while, under other names, in some of the provincial towns (especially in Bordeaux, where I saw white caps and flowers as late as 1858), no more was perceived of her in Paris. The damage done to the streets by her disappearance was irremediable; they are almost more changed by it than by all else together.

Of the men of the time I have nothing to say, except that most of them simpered, and thought themselves delightful.

The first place was taken by the women, so I have put them first. The second place in the effect of the streets belonged, I think, to the itinerant traders of the moment, most of whom have faded out of being.

The twenty thousand men who lived by keeping the inhabitants supplied with water were certainly the most practically useful of all the vanished workers of that time, and they were omnipresent, for their casks and buckets formed an element of the view in every street. Water was not laid on into the houses; it was carried up each day to every flat, even to the sixth floor, when there was one, by a member of the corporation of the *porteurs d'eau*. Dressed invariably in dark green or blue velvet, they tramped heavily and slowly up the staircases, with a load, carried from a shoulder bar, of two great metal pails full to the brim. Worthily fellows they generally were, strong as buffaloes, plodding on an unending treadmill. I often asked myself whether they ever thought. In the streets their casks on wheels (hand-dragged) stood at every door, and children used to watch with delight the perfect unbroken roundness of the arched stream of water which, when the plug was drawn, rushed out of the cask, through a brass-lined hole, into the bucket which stood below it in the

roadway. The stream was exactly like a curved staff of glass, and so absolutely smooth that it seemed motionless. The *porteurs d'eau* have gone, like the *grisettes*; they have been replaced by pipes. But while they still existed, while the question of what was to become of them if their work was suppressed was being discussed, the population almost took their side, and, from habit, appeared to prefer the old buckets to the new pipes. Those water-carriers had existed for centuries; they were a component part of the life of Paris; it seemed both cruel and ungrateful to take their bread away, for the sake of a so-called progress which very few persons understood, and of which nobody felt the need; so the philanthropic cried out against the change. I remember being asked to go to a meeting of protestation got up by a lady, who canvassed all her friends. But the buckets were eradicated all the same, only the extinction was effected gradually; the men found other work, and when the community became, at last, acquainted with the advantages of "constant supply," it ceased, thankfully, to mourn over the giants in velvet, and wondered, indeed, how it could ever have endured them.

The *chiffonniers*, again, have lost their trade — at least it has become so totally modified that they no longer phrase it in its ancient form. The waste and dirt from every house used to be poured out into the street, before the front door, each evening at nine or ten o'clock, and the *chiffonnier*, with his lantern and his hook in his hands and his basket on his back, arrived at once and raked the heaps over, to see what he could find in them. But it became forbidden either to throw the refuse into the street or to bring it out at night. It was prescribed that it should be carried down in the early morning in a box, which is placed, full, at the door, and is emptied before nine o'clock into the dust-carts which go round each day. The *chiffonniers*, therefore, have no longer the opportunity of picking over the dirt, for it has

ceased to offer itself in an accessible form ; they have, for the most part, to carry on their trade after the refuse is discharged from the carts at the depots, and, consequently, have almost disappeared from the streets. They cannot be regarded as a loss, for they were, of necessity, dirty and bad smelling, and looked, as they prowled about with their dull lantern in the dark, like spectres of miserable evilness. But, all the same, they were thoroughly typical of old Paris.

There were in those days a quantity of vagrant traders about the streets, *charlatans*, *marchands ambulants*, and *faiseurs de tours* ; the police were merciful to them, and allowed them to carry on their business almost in liberty. Two of them were celebrated : an open-air dentist whose name I have forgotten, and Mangin — “ l'illustre Mangin,” as he called himself — the pencil-seller. All Paris knew those two.

The dentist drove about in a four-wheeled cart of gorgeous colors, with a platform in front on which operations were performed. Immediately behind the platform were an organ and a drum, which instruments were played, together or separately, by a boy, and always irrespectively of each other. Their use was to drown the yells of the patients. I saw that dentist frequently at the entrance of the Avenue Gabriel in the Champs Elysées ; but although there was invariably an excited crowd listening to his eloquence and contemplating his surgery, I never felt tempted to stop to hear or watch him, because, with the disposition to neglect opportunities which is proper to youth, I failed to see the amusement of staring at people having their teeth drawn in public. I am sorry now that I was so fastidious, for I missed a curious spectacle, and am unable to describe it here. The show was evidently attractive to a portion of the mob, for there were, each time I passed, many rows of people applauding the dentist when he declared (in flowery words, I was assured) that he never hurt any one, and applauding his victims still more

when they shrieked. I think he charged five sous (twopence-halfpenny) for dragging out a tooth ; which proves that, as I have already observed, prices were lower in those days than they are now.

But if I shunned the dentist I never missed a chance of listening to Mangin, who really was a prodigious fellow. It was said that he had taken a university degree, and the varied knowledge which he scattered about in his unceasing speeches gave probability to the rumor. Anyhow, whatever had been his education, his outpour of strange argument, his originality and facility, his spirit of *à propos*, his rapidity of utterance, and, above all, the perpetual newness of his fancies, were positively startling. Of course his talk was often vulgar ; but it must be remembered that it was addressed to a street mob, most of whose members loved coarseness. Like the dentist, he paraded about the town in a cart, but his vehicle was dark, and had a high back. Also, like the dentist, he had an organ and a drum, but they were only used in the intervals of his discourses. He had a day and an hour for each quarter of the town, and was always awaited by an eager crowd. The spot where I habitually saw him was in the roadway by the side of the Madeleine. He was then a man of about forty-five, with a great brown beard, pleasant-looking, thick. He wore a huge brass helmet, with immense black feathers, and a scarlet cloak, which he called his toga. His unhesitating command of words, his riotous fertility of subjects and ideas, were such that, though I listened to him frequently, I never heard him make the same observation twice. He did assert continually that he was a descendant of Achilles, and that he wore that gentleman's uniform, but that declaration formed no real part of his speeches ; it was a mere official indication, and had in it none of the character of an argument. I think I may say that his harangues were absolutely fresh each day. I do not pretend to remember more than a few of the phrases I have heard him utter, but I

can give a fair general idea of his style, including some of his own words. Here is an example : —

Ladies, gentlemen, children, enemies, and friends ! — Buy my pencils. There are no other pencils like them on earth or in the spheres. Listen ! they are black ! You imagine, of course, in the immensity of your ignorance — it is wonderful how ignorant people are capable of being, especially about pencils — that all pencils are black. Error ! Criminal error ! Error as immense and as fatal as that of Mark Antony when he fell in love with Cleopatra. All other pencils are grey ! Mine alone possess the merit of being truly black. They are black, for instance, as the hair of Eve. Here I pause to observe that it is a general mistake to suppose that Eve was a fair woman. She was as dark as if she had been born in the Sahara, of Sicilian parents. I was in the Garden of Eden with her, and I ought to know. I was, in that stage of my transmigration, the original canary bird, and looked at her as I flew about. I was saying that my pencils are black. Listen ! They are black, not only as the hair of Eve, but black as that hideous night after the earthquake of Lisbon ; black as the expression of countenance of Alexander the Great (you are aware, of course, that he was an irritable person) when he found there was no sugar in his coffee ; black as the waves which gurgled over Phaëthon when he fell headlong into the Po ; black as your sweet complexion might be, my dear (to a girl in the crowd), if it did not happen to be, on the contrary, as pink as my toga, as white as my soul, as transparent as the truth of my words. But blackness — friends, enemies, and children — is only one of the ten thousand excellences of my unapproachable pencils. They are also unbreakable, absolutely unbreakable. See ! Watch ! I dash this finely cut pencil-point on to this block of massive steel. The strength of my arm is such (I inherit it, with other classical peculiarities, from my ancestor, the late Achilles) that I dent the steel ; but I cannot break the point. You smile ! It wounds me that you smile, for thereby you imply a doubt, just as Solomon smiled while he wondered which of two women was the mother of the baby. Come up and verify the fact if you do not believe. There is the mark on the steel ; there is the pencil-point. The point is

sharpened, not blunted, by the fierceness of the blow. One sou, five centimes, for a single pencil ! Ten sous, fifty centimes, for a dozen ! At those prices I give them away, out of pure love of humanity. Ten sous a dozen ! Who buys ? Yes, you, sir ? Yes. One dozen, or two dozen, or ten dozen ? Very good, two dozen. You see, my children, that the entire universe comes to buy my pencils. This gentleman, who has just taken two dozen, has travelled straight from the celebrated island of Jamaica (where humming birds are cultivated on a vast scale in order to distil from them the sugar they contain) for the express purpose of obtaining a supply. He heard of them out there — I mention for the information of such of you as may not be acquainted with the geography of the oceans, that Jamaica is on the coast of China, and therefore very distant — and he has travelled half-way round the world to come to me to-day. Don't blush, sir, at my revelation of the grandeur of your act. It is a noble act, sir ; well may you — and I — be proud of it. Yes, my little beauty, two dozen ? You, my child, have not arrived by steamer, railway, or balloon from the celestial waters of Peking, where the population is born with pig-tails, and feeds exclusively on its own finger-nails, which are grown very long for the purpose — you have arrived only from the heights of Montmartre ; but your merit also is great, for you have faith in my pencils. Who else has faith in my pencils ? Black, unbreakable, easy to cut, easy to suck, easy to pick your teeth with, easy to put behind your ear, easy to carry in your pocket, delightful to make presents with. Who buys my pencils to offer them to her he loves ? Yes, young man. Good ! Strike the drum, slave ; strike the fulminating drum, the very drum that resounded at the taking of Troy — it was sent to the relations of Achilles by Ulysses, and has come down as an heirloom in the family — in honor of this noble youth, this brilliant Frenchman, this splendid subject of the Emperor. He offers my pencils to *her* ! I drink to *her* ! At least I would if I had anything to drink. Ten sous for twelve of such pencils as mine ! It's absurd ! It pains my heart to sell them. I have to tear myself away from them as the wild horses of Attila tore his prisoner to pieces. The boy who does not buy my pencils is destined to a life of misery ; he will be kept in on Sundays ; he will be brought up

principally on dry bread, but butter and jam will be danced goadingly before his eyes. When he becomes a man he will fail in everything he attempts, and will suffer from many hitherto unknown diseases. His horse, if he has one, will possess a tail like a rolled-up umbrella, and knees the shape of seventy-seven. His cook will put hairs into his soup. As for the girl who does not buy my pencils, her fate will be more awful still. Never will she find a husband! What, girls, you hear the fearful fate that awaits you, and you do not rush up instantly to buy? Rush, if you wish to be mothers! Rush, if you long to be happy, beautiful, and rich! That's right; two, three, four, who long to be happy, beautiful, and rich. The more pencils you buy, the happier, the more beautiful, and the richer you will be. How many shall we say? Twenty dozen each? I make a reduction for all quantities over ten dozen. What? One? One? One single pencil? For one sou? And you expect to be happy, beautiful, and rich, for one sou? Even in this glorious land of France, even in this country of delights, that result is impossible, quite impossible. Take a dozen at all events; even then you will only be relatively happy, moderately beautiful, and not at all rich. Joy, loveliness and wealth increase with pencils. Yes, sir, two dozen. To you, sir, I do not promise handsomeness, but I predict success, especially with ladies. My pencils render men irresistible with women. Now that you have them in your hand, try the effect on that tall girl next to you; it will be visible at once. Ten sous a dozen! Who buys? I pause. I take needed rest, but only for an instant. Slave, sound the roaring drum, revolve the handle of the pealing organ, in order to divert the admiring crowd while I repose.

And he proceeded to suck liquorice.

I have given this speech at some length, because it paints not only a man but a situation. How utterly other from the conditions of to-day must have been the state of the streets of Paris when it was possible to shout out all that twenty yards from the Boulevard, and to go on shouting every day, without being arrested by the police as a nuisance.

When Mangin disappeared (his eclipse occurred, so far as I can remember, somewhere about 1856) he

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left vacancy behind him. He was, like Napoleon, unreplaceable.

Another curious artist, of whom I often heard, had gone out of sight before my time. He painted portraits at fairs and in the streets, and a placard at the door of his booth bore in large letters the inscription:

PORTRAITS!
PORTRAITS!

RESSEMBLANCE FRAPPANTE,	2 francs.
RESSEMBLANCE ORDINAIRE,	1 franc.
AIR DE FAMILLE,	50 centimes.

It seems that the *air de famille* was the most largely ordered of the three degrees of likeness, and that scarcely anybody went to the expense of a *ressemblance frappante*. This man, it seems, made no speeches; but the wording of his advertisement was worth much talking.

One more exhibitor will I describe—a juggler. He came every Tuesday afternoon to the south-east corner of the Place de la Madeleine, just outside the shop where Flaxland, the music-dealer, is now established; and there, in his shirt-sleeves, he conjured and played tricks. I remember only one of his devices, but that one sufficed to make him a sight of the time. He asked the crowd for pennies (pieces of two sous, I mean); he put five of them into his right hand, played with them, tossed them a few times in the air, and then suddenly flung them straight up to a height, which seemed above the housetops. He watched them intently as they rose, and, as they turned and began to fall, he opened with his left hand the left pocket of his waistcoat, and held it open—about two inches, I should think. Down came the pennies, not loose or separated from each other, but in what looked like a compact mass. Fixedly he gazed at them, shifting his body slightly, very slightly, to keep right under them (he scarcely had to move his feet at all), and crash came the pile into the pocket of his waistcoat! He repeated the operation with ten pennies, and, finally, he did it with twenty! Yes, positively, with twenty!

It almost took one's breath away to hear the thud. Nor did he miss—at least, never did I see him miss—and never did the pennies break apart or scatter; they stuck to each other by some strange attraction, as if they had become soldered in the air. There was evidently something in the manner of flinging that made them hold steadily together. After wondering each time at the astounding skill of the operation, I always went on to wonder what that waistcoat could be made of, and what that pocket could be lined with, to enable them to support such blows. The force, the dexterity, and the precision of the throwing—to some sixty feet high, so far as I could guess—and the unfailing exactness of the catching, were quite amazing; the pennies went up and came down in an absolutely vertical line. The juggler was said to have made a good deal of money by the proceeding; people talked about it, went to see it, and gave francs to him. He, too, had no successor.

There were plenty of other mountebanks of various sorts about, but they had no widespread reputations, and did not count as recognized constituents of the street-life of the time. Mangin, the dentist, and that juggler held a place amongst the public men of their day—like *Père coupe toujours*, who had sold hot *galette* for half a century in a stall next door to the Gymnase Theatre; like the head waiter at Bignon's (in the *Chaussée d'Antin* days, of course), whose name I am ungrateful enough to have forgotten; like the superlatively grand *Suisse* of that date at the *Madeleine*, who was said to have been christened Oswald, because the washerwoman, his mother, like many others of her generation, had gone entirely mad over *Corinne*. How long ago all that does seem! And how utterly other than the Paris of to-day!

The *Champs Elysées* too—which represented then the concentrated essence of the life of the streets—how changed they are! Then, everybody went there; all classes sat or strolled there. Now, the place is half deserted

in comparison to what it was, although the lower part was then a desert of dust or mud, according to the weather, while now it is a real garden; and the upper portion was bordered, at many points, by grass-fields, in which I have seen cows feeding. The planting of the lower half (the trees of course were old) was effected somewhere about 1856, with the stock of a Belgian horticulturist, which was bought *en bloc* for the purpose. It constituted one of the most charming improvements of the Haussmann period, for it gave a look of delightful greenness and prettiness to what had been a gravelly waste. And yet, notwithstanding their beautification, the *Champs Elysées*, as a public resort, have not maintained the comprehensively representative character they possessed forty years ago. They have been affected partly by the caprices of fashion, but, like all the rest of western Paris, their composition and their aspect have been altered mainly by the almost total separation of the various strata of inhabitants of which I have already spoken. It must be remembered that, in the days of which I am telling, the women of the lower classes were, in great part, ornamental, and that not only were they worthy—many of them, at all events—to take a place in the crowd which assembled every summer evening between the *Place de la Concorde* and the *Rond Point*, but that their presence bestowed a special character on the effect of the crowd, for it proved that all the layers of population had learnt to mix naturally together in open-air union. The mixture did not shock the patrician eye, and it pleased the plebeian heart; it did something to soothe and satisfy the self-respect and consciousness of rights of a considerable section of the people, and led them to look with a certain friendliness on the rich. In the *Champs Elysées* the mingling was more complete even than in the streets, for the double reason that it had more space to show itself, and that the act of sitting down side by side, which was impossible elsewhere, seemed to bestow a certain intimacy on

it. Aristocracy lost nothing; democracy gained a good deal; a political effect of utility was achieved.

In those days everything came to pass in the Champs Elysées. Everybody went there to behold everybody else. All processions paraded there—so much so, indeed, that one of the first stories I heard on my arrival in Paris was that, when the end of the world was announced for some day in May, 1846, an enterprising speculator set up trestles and planks under the trees, and offered to let out standing-room, at five sous a head, “to view the end of the world go by.” The certainty that everything was to be seen there—from the funeral of the earth to the wedding-party of an oyster-girl going out to dine at a restaurant at Neuilly—was sufficient of course to bring together all the starers of Paris (and there are a good many of them). The true difference between the starers of then and the starers of now is that in those times the Champs Elysées were regarded, not only as the centre of Paris, but as a spot to live in, whereas now they have become a simple passing place, like any other—merely one of the ways that lead to the Bois. The Bois itself was a tangle of disorder, with few paths through it, and was accessible through a sort of lane turning out of the present Avenue Victor Hugo, which was then a narrow road called, if I remember right, the Route de St. Cloud. There was no Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, nor any other avenues round the Arch of Triumph (except, of course, the Avenue de Neuilly); the Champs Elysées existed alone, and gained naturally in importance by their oneness. It was not till the late fifties that the Bois was laid out as it is now, and that the lakes were dug. When that was done the world began to go out there, and ceased to stop in the Champs Elysées.

The Boulevards, again, were far more important features in the life of the place than they are to-day; then, life was a good deal concentrated; to-day, it is thoroughly spread out. The building changes which have been effected

in the Boulevards have been enormous, but the modifications in their social aspect have been greater still. Very few of the ancient landmarks survive in them; but the crowd is even more altered than the houses. The chosen lounging spots are not the same, and even the art of lounging has itself assumed another character. An acquaintance I made on my first visit to Paris proposed to me seriously to teach me *la manière de flâner*, and spoke of it with reverence, as if it were a science of difficult acquirement, needing delicate attention and prolonged study. He told me he had passed his life (which had been a long one) in the careful application of the highest principles of lounging, that he had explored its secrets in many countries, and that he had arrived at the conclusion that there are only two capitals where it is carried to its noblest possibilities—Madrid and Paris. He put Naples third, but with the express reserve that the lounging there is simply animal, and has no elevation in its composition. He did admit, however, that in Madrid and Naples the entire population knows instinctively how to lounge, while in Paris the faculty is limited to the educated. To-day it is in Paris itself that the lounging has lost “elevation;” it has become as “animal” as at Naples, but without the excuse of the sun which, there, bestows so much justification on its animality. Parisians no longer lounge with the sublime contentment which was so essentially characteristic of the process forty years ago. In those days the mere fact of being on the Boulevard sufficed not only to fill the true *flâneur* with a soft religious joy, but aroused in him a highly conscious sentiment of responsibility and dignity; he seemed, as he strolled along, to be sacrificing to the gods. Alas! it is the mere material act of lounging, without adoration for the sacred place where the act is performed, which satisfies the actual mind. The distinction between the two conditions, between the “elevation” of the one and the “animality” of the other, is self-evident

and lamentable. If my old friend were not dead already, the sight, assuredly, would kill him. He declared—and it was an opinion generally held then—that, for a true Parisian, the only portion of the Boulevard which was really fit for the due discharge of the holy duty of lounging was the little space between the Rue du Helder and the Rue Lepelletier, which, with fond memories of other days, he persisted in calling by its former momentary name of “Boulevard de Gand” (for the reason that, during the Hundred Days, Louis XVIII. ran away to Gand). The bottom of the steps of Tortoni formed the hallowed central spot. When I first saw Paris, that spot inspired me, under the guidance of my old friend, with a certain awe; but I must add that the awe did not last, and that the more I knew of the spot the less I revered it.

It has been said of French governments that “plus ça change, plus c’est la même chose;” but, however true that may be of ministries, it is absolutely untrue of outdoor Paris, which has altered so totally that it has ceased to be the same at all. Perhaps it might be a good thing for France if the government were to change as completely.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
CHAPTERS FROM SOME UNWRITTEN
MEMOIRS.

IN ITALY.

AFTER his return from America my father took an apartment in Paris for the autumn months, and it was then that he told us he had made a plan for wintering in Rome. It almost seems to me now that the rest of my life dates in some measure from those old Roman days, which were all the more vivid because my sister and I were still spectators and not yet actors in the play. I was just fifteen; my sister was still a little girl, but I thought myself a young woman. I have written elsewhere of Mrs. Kemble and Mrs. Sartoris and the Brownings, who were all living at Rome that winter, with a number of

interesting people, all drinking, as we were about to do, of the waters of Trevi. How few of us returned to the fountain! But the proverb, I think, must apply to one's spiritual return. For, though one may drink and drink and go back again and again, it is ever a different person that stands by the fountain; whereas the shadowy self by the stone basin, bending over the rushing water, is the same and does not change.

We started early in December, my father, my sister, and I. He had his servant with him, for already his health had begun to fail him. We reached Marseilles in bitter weather late one night. We laid our travelling plaids upon our beds to keep ourselves warm, but though we shivered our spirits rose to wildest pitch next morning in the excitement of the golden moment. The wonderful sights in the streets are before me still,—the Jews, Turks, dwellers in Mesopotamia, chattering in gorgeous colors and strange languages; the quays, the crowded shipping, the amethyst water. I can still see in a sort of mental picture a barge piled with great golden onions floating along one of the quays, guided by a lonely woman in blue rags with a colored kerchief on her head. “There goes the Lady of Shalot,” said my father; and when we looked at him rather puzzled, for we knew nothing of onions and very little of Tennyson in those days, he explained that a shalot was a species of onion, and after a moment's reflection we took in his little joke, feeling that nobody ever thought of such droll things as he did. Then we reached our hotel again, where there were Turks still drinking coffee under striped awnings, and a black man in a fez, and a lank British diplomatist, with a very worn face, who knew my father, arriving from some outlandish place with piles of luggage; and we caught sight of the master of the hotel and his family gathered round a souptureen in a sort of glass conservatory, and so went up-stairs to rest and refresh ourselves before our start that evening. All this splendor and novelty and *bona mundi* had turned our

heads, for we forgot our warm wraps and half our possessions at the hotel, and did not discover, till long after the steamer had started with all of us on board, how many essentials we had left behind.

The sun was setting as we steamed out of Marseilles, and the rocky island of Iff stood out dark and crisp against the rush of bright wavelets; across which we strained our eyes to see Monte Cristo in his sack splashing into the water of the bay. Then we got out to sea, and the land disappeared by degrees. How the stars shone that night on board the big ship! The passengers were all on deck talking in a pleasant murmur of voices, broken by laughs and exclamations. Among them were some people who specially attracted us, a very striking and beautiful quartet from the north. There was a lovely mother, oldish, widowed, but very beautiful still; the two charming daughters, one tall and fair, the other a piquante brunette; there was the son, one of the handsomest young men I have ever seen. They were going to Rome, they told us, for the winter. Christina, the eldest girl, was dressed in white. She seemed to me some fair Urania, controlling the stars in their wondrous maze as she and I and my sister paced the deck till it was very late, and some bell sounded, and my father came up and sent us down to our cabin. Then the night turned bitter cold, and, as we had left our shawls on the shores of France, we made haste to get to bed and to be warm. Though it was cold we liked fresh air, and were glad to find that our port-holes had been left open by the steward; we scrambled into our berths, and fell asleep. I lay at the top, and my sister in the berth below. How well I remember waking suddenly in a slop of salt-water! The ship was sinking, we were all going to be drowned, and with a wild shriek calling to my sister I sprang from the cabin and rushed up the companion-steps on deck. I thought she called me back, but I paid no heed, as I reached the top of the companion-ladder, dripping and almost

in tears, with my fatal announcement. There I encountered the steward, who began to laugh, as he led me back crestfallen to our cabin, at the door of which my sister was standing. The water was dancing in, in a stream, and the steward scolded us well as he screwed up the port-holes and got us some dry bedding. Next morning, to my inexpressible mortification, I heard some people telling the story. "She rushed on deck, and declared the ship was sinking," said one voice to another. I didn't wait to hear any more, but fled.

The wind went down again, but it was still bitter cold, and we shivered without our wraps, as we steamed up to Genoa along the spreading quays with their background of gorgeous palaces and cloud-capped towers. There were convicts in their chains at work upon the great steps of the quay, who stared at us as we landed. And the very first thing which happened to us when we found ourselves in Italy at last—the land where citrons bloom, where orange flowers scent the air—was that we drove straight away to a narrow back street, where we were told we should find a shop for English goods, and then and there my father bought us each a warm, grey wrap, with stripes of black, nothing in the least Italian or romantic, but the best that we could get. And then, as we had now a whole day to spend on shore, and shawls to keep us warm, we drove about the town, and after visiting a palace or two took the railway, which had been quite lately opened to Pisa. The weather must have changed as the day went on, for it was sunshine, not Shetland wool, that warmed us at last; but the wind was blowing still, and what I specially remember in the open piazza at Pisa is the figure of a stately monk, whose voluminous robes were fluttering and beating as he passed us, wrapped in darkness, mystical, majestic, with all the light beyond his stateliness, and the cathedral in its glory and the Leaning Tower aslant in the sunlight for a background.

Our adventures for the day were not yet over. At the station we found two more of the ship's passengers, young men with whom we had made acquaintance, and we all returned to Genoa together. The train was late, and we had to be on board at a certain time, so that we engaged a carriage, and drove quickly to the quay, where the convicts clanking in their chains were still at work. A boat was found, rowed by some sailors who certainly did not wear chains, but who were otherwise not very unlike those industrious convicts in appearance. The bargain was made, we all five entered the boat, and as we were getting in we could see our great ship in the twilight looking bigger than ever, and one rocket and then another going off towards the dawning stars. "They are signalling for us," said one of our companions; "we shall soon be on board."

We had pulled some twenty strokes from the shore by this time, when suddenly the boatmen left off rowing. They put down their oars, and one of them began talking volubly, though I could not understand what he said. "What's to be done?" said one of the young men to my father. "They say they won't go on unless we give them fifty francs more," and he began shaking his head and remonstrating in broken Italian. The boatmen paid no attention, shrugging their shoulders and waiting as if they were determined never to row another stroke. Then the steamer sent up two more rockets, which rose through the twilight, bidding us hurry; and then suddenly my father rose up in the stern of the boat where he was sitting, and, standing tall and erect and in an anger such as I had never seen him in before or after in all my life, he shouted out in loud and indignant English, "D—n you, go on!" a simple malediction which carried more force than all the Italian polysyllables and expostulations of our companions. To our surprise and great relief, the men seemed frightened; they took to their oars again and began to row, grumbling and muttering. When we got

on board the ship they told us it was a well-known trick the Genoese boatmen were in the habit of playing upon travellers, and that they would have sent a boat for us if we had delayed any longer.

We reached our journey's end next morning, and landed at Civita Vecchia about midday. This landing was no less wonderful than everything else, we thought, as we looked in awe at the glorious blaze of color, at the square Campanile with its flat tiled roof, and at all that we were going to see, which was coming to meet us on the very shore. To begin with, there was the chorus from the Opera waiting in readiness, men with pointed hats and Italian legs, women in fancy dress, with fancy dress babies, all laughing, talking in Italian, and at home in Italy. We had some trouble in getting our luggage through the *dogana*. Most of the other travellers started before we did, and we were among the last to leave for Rome. My father was anxious to get on, for there were unpleasant rumors about brigands on the road. Another family, Russians, with a courier and a great deal of luggage, was to follow us, and some one suggested we should wait for their escort; but on the whole my father decided to start. The afternoon shadows were beginning to lengthen when at length we were packed and ready. We had a mouldy postchaise, with a grey, ragged lining, and our luggage on the top. We hoped to get to Rome before dark. I remember thrilling as my father buttoned his overcoat and told us he had put his hundred louis for safety into an inner pocket.

The country is not very beautiful between Civita Vecchia and Rome; at least I do not remember anything to distract our attention from our alarms. We were just frightened enough to be stimulated and amused as we jolted past the wide fields where the men were at work. We sat all three abreast in the jolting old carriage; my father's servant was on the box. We were reading our Tauchnitz books,

being tired of watching the flat horizons, when suddenly the carriage stopped, and Charles Pearman with a pale face of alarm came to the window and said that one of the traces had broken, and that there were a number of people all coming round the carriage. We were surrounded by people as if by magic, — satyrs, shepherds, strange, bearded creatures with conical hats and with pitchforks in their hands. The sun was just setting, and dazzling into our faces all the time. For some five minutes we waited, looking at each other in silence and wondering what was going to come next. At the end of that time, and after a good deal of conversation with the postillions, the satyrs and fauns went their way with their pitchforks, leaving us, to our inexpressible relief, to continue our journey. Then came the dusk at last, and the road seemed longer and longer. I think I had fallen asleep in my corner, when my father put his hand on my shoulder. "Look!" he said, and I looked, and, lo! there rose the dusky dome of St. Peter's grey upon the dark blue sky.

Very soon afterwards some one with a lantern opened the gates of Rome, and examined our passport, and let us in. We drove to our hotel in the Via Condotti, and when we awoke next day it was to the sound of countless church bells in the morning light.

When we leant from the window of our *entresol* sitting-room, with its odd yellow walls, we could almost touch the heads of the passers-by. It was Sunday morning; all the bells were flinging and ringing, and they seemed to be striking and vibrating against that wonderful blue sky overhead. How well I remember my first Roman *contadina*, as she walked majestically along the street below; black-haired, white-capped, white-sleeved, and covered with ornaments, on her way to mass.

The Piazza d'Espagna, at the end of our street, was one flood of sunshine, in which other *contadinas* and *bambinos* and romantic shepherds were floating when we came out to look and

to wonder. Wonderful as it all was, it seemed also almost disappointing. We had expected, we didn't know what; and this was *something*; something tangible, appreciable, and so far less than we expected. "Wait a bit," said my father; "people are always a little disappointed when they first come to Rome."

I remember long after hearing Mr. Appleton say: "People expect to taste the result of two thousand years of civilization in a morning; it takes more than a morning to receive so much into one's mind . . . a lifetime is not too long." Mr. Appleton was right when he said it takes a lifetime to realize some ideas. But now and then one certainly lives a lifetime almost in a comparatively flying minute; and those two months at Rome, short as they were, have lasted my lifetime. The people, the sights, the sounds, have never quite ceased for me yet. They have become an habitual association, and have helped to make that mental standard by which one habitually measures the events as they follow one another.

That first evening in Rome, as we sat at dinner at the *table d'hôte* in the dark vaulted dining-room, all the people, I remember, were talking confusedly of an attack by brigands upon some Russians on the road from Civita Vecchia; the very vagueness of the rumor made it the more impressive to us.

There is a letter from my father to his mother which he must have written the very next day; it is dated Hôtel Franz, Via Condotti, December 6. "We have very comfortable quarters at the hotel where I lived before," he writes, "except for some animal that bit me furiously when I was asleep yesterday on the sofa. It can't be a bug, of course — the chambermaid declares she has never seen such a thing, nor so much as a flea, so it must be a scorpion, I suppose," and he goes on to compare St. Peter's to Pisa. "We agreed Pisa is the best," he says. "The other is a huge heathen parade. The founder of the religion utterly dis-

appears under the enormous pile of fiction and ceremony that has been built round him. I'm not quite sure that I think St. Peter's handsome. The front is positively ugly, that is certain, but nevertheless the city is glorious. We had a famous walk on the Pincio, and the sun set for us with a splendor quite imperial. I wasn't sorry when the journey from Civita Vecchia was over. Having eighty or ninety louis in my pocket, I should have been good meat for the brigands had they chosen to come."

Very soon our friends began to appear—Mr. Browning, Mr. Sartoris, Mr. Æneas Macbean. Mr. Macbean was the English banker. He was the kindest of bankers, and he used to send us great piles of the most delightful books to read. Lockhart's Scott and Bulwer's heroes and Disraeli's saint-like politicians all came to inhabit our *palazzo* when we were established there. Zanoni and that cat-like spirit of the threshold are as vivid to me as any of the actual people who used to come and see us, or our late fellow-travellers (who now also seemed like old friends) as we passed them hurrying about in search of lodgings. All that day we came and went; we stood under the great dome of St. Peter's, we saw the Tiber rushing under its bridges; then no doubt in consequence of the scorpions we also went about to look for lodgings, and it was Mr. Browning who told us where to go. One can hardly imagine a more ideal spot for little girls to live in than that to which he directed us,—to a great apartment just over the pastry cook's in the Palazzo Poniatowski, in the Via Della Croce. We climbed a broad stone staircase with a handsome wrought-iron banister; we clanged at an echoing bell, and a little old lady in a *camisole*, rejoicing in the imposing name of Signora Ercole, opened the door, and showed us in to a dark outer hall. Then she led the way from room to room, until we finally reached a drawing-room with seven windows, at which we exclaimed in preliminary admiration. Among the other items of our

installation were a Chinese museum, a library, a dining-room with a brazen charcoal-burner in the centre; and besides all these we were to have a bedroom, a dressing-room, and a cupboard for my father's servant. My father took the dressing-room for himself. He put me and my sister into the big bedroom to the front, and the man retired to the cupboard in the hall. Signora Ercole, our landlady, also hospitably offered us the run of her own magnificent sitting-rooms, besides the four or five we had engaged. I have a vague impression of her family of daughters, also in *camisoles*, huddled away into some humbler apartment, but we saw little of them. We established ourselves comfortably in one corner of the great drawing-room, clearing an in-laid table of its lamps and statuettes, its wax flowers, and other adornments. Then we felt at home. A stonemason suspended at his work began to sing in mid-air just outside one of the windows; there came to us the sound of the *pifferari* from the piazza down below, and the flutter of the white doves' wings and their flying shadows upon the floor, together with a scent of flowers and sense of fountains, and the fusty, fascinating smell from the old hangings and bric-à-brac. I think the Ercoles must have done some business as *brocanteurs*, for the furniture was more like that of a museum than a human living-house; all over the walls they had rows of paintings in magnificent gildings, of which the frames were the most important parts. All the same, the whole effect was imposing and delightful, and we felt like enchanted princesses in a palace, and flew from room to room.

About luncheon-time my father sent us down to the pastry-cook's shop, where we revelled among cream tarts and *petits fours*, and then we ordered our dinner, as people did then, from a *trattoria* near at hand. Then we went out again, still in our raptures, and when dinner-time came, just about sunset, excitement had given us good appetites, notwithstanding the tarts.

We were ready, but dinner delayed.

We waited more and more impatiently as the evening advanced, but still no dinner appeared. Then the English servant, Charles, was called, and despatched to the cook-shop to make inquiry. He came back much agitated, saying the dinner had been sent—that they assured him it had been sent! It had apparently vanished on its way up the old palace stairs. "Go back," said my father, "and tell them there is some mistake, and that we are very hungry, and waiting still." The man left the room, then returned again with a doubtful look. There was a sort of box came an hour ago, he said: "I have not opened it, sir." With a rush my sister and I flew into the hall, and there sure enough stood a square, solid iron box with a hinged top. It certainly looked very unlike dinner, but we raised it with some faint hopes which were not disappointed. Inside, and smoking still upon the hot plates, was spread a meal like something in a fairy-tale—roast birds and dressed meat, a loaf of brown bread and compôtes of fruit, and a salad and a bottle of wine, to which good fare we immediately sat down in cheerful excitement—our first Roman family meal together.

When people write of the past, those among us who have reached a certain age are sometimes apt to forget that it is because so much of it still exists in our lives that it is so dear to us. And, as I have said before, there is often a great deal more of the past in the future than there was in the past itself at the time. We go back to meet our old selves, more tolerant, forgiving our own mistakes, understanding it all better, appreciating its simple joys and realities. There are compensations for the loss of youth and fresh impressions; and one learns little by little that a thing is not over because it is not happening with noise and shape or outward sign; its roots are in our hearts, and every now and then they send forth a shoot which blossoms and bears fruit still.

Early life is like a chapter out of Dickens, I think. One *sees* people then; their tricks of expression, their

vivid sayings, and their quaint humors and oddities do not surprise one; one accepts everything as a matter of course, no matter how unusual it may be. Later in life one grows more fastidious, more ambitious, more paradoxical; one begins to judge, or to make excuses, or to think about one's companions instead of merely staring at them. All these people we now saw for the first time, vivid but mysterious apparitions; we didn't know what they were feeling and thinking about, only we saw them, and very delightful they all were to look at.

Meanwhile our education was not neglected. We had a poetess to teach us a little Italian, a signora with a magnificent husband in plaid trousers, to whom I am sure she must have written many poems. Once she asked us to spend an evening in her apartment. It was high up in a house in a narrow street, bare and swept, and we found a company whose conversation (notwithstanding all Madame Eleonora Torti's instructions) was quite unintelligible to us. We all sat in a circle round the great brass brazier in the centre of the bare room. Every now and then the host took up an iron bar and stirred the caldron round, and the fumes arose. Two or three of the elder people sat in a corner playing cards; but here also we were at fault. The cards represented baskets of flowers, coins, nuts, unknown and mysterious devices; among which the familiar ace of diamonds was the only sign we could recognize.

After these social evenings our man used to come to fetch us home through moonlight streets, past little shrines with burning lamps, by fountains plashing in the darkness. We used to reach our great staircase, hurry up half frightened of ghosts and echoes, but too much alive ourselves to go quickly to sleep. Long after my father had come home and shut his door, we would sit up with Mr. Macbean's heroes and heroines and read by the light of our flaring candles till the bell of the Frate in the convent close by began to toll.

ANNE RITCHIE.

From Temple Bar.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE
MASTER OF BALLIOL.

In memoria perpetua est justus, a rumore malo non timet . . . dispergit, dat egentibus, justitia ejus perstat in eternum.

FOR many days after the master's death the journals were flooded with poor anecdotes about him, scarcely any of them personally vouched for, and most of them stale twenty years ago. Every one who had heard a garbled version of any speech of his, obviously humorous or faintly ridiculous, seemed to imagine that the precise moment to re-utter and re-print it was the moment when he was lying in his open coffin, all his great influence about him still, except just the power to contradict or silence such rubbish.

This torrent of pseudo-reminiscence made the salient splash of the papers; beyond it there was much that was excellently said in general terms, much praise and comment that were bright and well deserved, but one found nowhere vivid illustration of any personal kindness of his such as many, or few, might have recounted. This the many, or few, did not recount, whether because they held it sacred or because they shrank from self-description. Reverence and self-effacement are both, no doubt, excellent things, and a history of personal intercourse must inevitably be to some extent a history of two persons; but there are wholesome kindnesses which may be righteously proclaimed, and, after all is said and done, neither anecdote nor appreciation is of such value to the seeker of true estimates as an exact personal document even within simple lines.

It is just such a personal document that I ask leave to supply, being one who happened to receive unusual kindness from the master (I say "happened," because I believe his kindness would have been the same to any one else under similar circumstances), and who had, moreover, the satisfaction of being for years happily at ease in his friendship.

The first time that I ever saw the master was in 1871 at my father's house

in London. My parents were anxious that I should go to Balliol, and, as I was not robust, the master had promised to advise some special preparation more suited for the college than a public school or an ordinary country tutor's, both of which I had already experienced. I remember that he seemed to me all made of smiles and silver—"frosty but kindly." The drawing-room in which I first saw him in Grafton Street was a very high room, and I think it dwarfed his stature. His coat was thick, too; there was something of a fairy godfather about him. He gave us no option whatever in respect of his plan, which was a very tempting one.

"You'll go to Clifton," he said, "and live with a tutor, Evelyn Abbott, whom you'll like; he'll teach you."

And sure enough I shortly afterwards found myself at Clifton in a villa with Mr. Abbott, whom I did like, for a pleasant year. I seem to have gone there on the 18th of March, 1872.

I paid the master my first visit at Oxford, however, on the 2nd of February in that year between the date of his London visit to us, which must have been during the Christmas holidays, and my removal to Clifton, while I was still at a tutor's near Oxford. I recollect that interview well; how pleasant his library was in the twilight after the raw outer air, and how the desire to stay was dashed by the fear lest I should be too late for my tutor's trap at the King's Arms, in which three of us had driven over for the day. I recollect feeling afterwards that I had been both shy and bold—an unsatisfactory consciousness.

We spoke of poetry, and I ventured on the remark, "You had Swinburne, here, sir." "Yes," he said, "oh yes," and looked back into the fire (before which he was seated, his chair tilted back, and his toes on the fender, while I was placed under inspection in a big armchair facing the light) with a look I have since seen often on his face, a flicker from within, like the flicker of the fire without, when he appeared to be weighing my thoughts against his thoughts in a silence which he was

resolved to maintain. It was as if he was determining not yet to destroy illusions of mine though he thought little of them himself.

"You must run away now," he said soon after—a favorite phrase of his—and then, very quickly, "Come up to Balliol and go in for a prize."

He often gave his bit of advice in a sort of spurt, just as one was leaving his presence, and when discussion was impossible, perhaps with a view to avoiding such discussion altogether, but rather, I believe, because he ruminated his conclusions as long as possible before he uttered them; as if he should say to himself, "Now is the moment, or never."

I came up from Clifton to matriculate at the scholarship examination the following November. This was an unusual Balliolesque examination. You went in for the scholarship and exhibition papers, not with any idea of getting either scholarship or exhibition, but just in order to have rooms allotted you in college. If you get in by the ordinary matriculation only, you would have to spend your first terms in lodgings.

When the examination was over, and I was uncertain whether I had succeeded or not, as the names of the successful obtainers of rooms were not read out with the scholars' and exhibitioners', he came round to the hotel in the evening to see my mother, and was exceedingly benign and courteous. I remember thanking him for coming as I saw him down-stairs to the door, and his saying, "Don't thank me, my boy, thank yourself; you shall have rooms; you've done very well," in accents quite delightfully chirpy.

When I came into residence at Oxford, therefore, I thus had the advantage of coming up as a personal acquaintance of the master's, and I breakfasted and dined with him frequently both alone and in company. He was always extremely kind,¹ with a

quick, boyish cordiality of welcome, and at one breakfast, over something that had amused me, and which I could not resist recounting to the master, we both became almost hilarious. The story or incident itself I cannot for the life of me remember, but I recollect that as I left him, he standing by the dining-room fire, I with the door in my hand, and rather ashamed of having told him, we alluded to it again, and I said "What do you think, sir?" and was much startled by the answer, given with one of his innumerable pungent twinkles: "I think you're very clever, and very silly too!" Then Knight, the butler, walked up behind him, and pulled down his coat collar which was turned up, and I think it seemed to both of us as if he got just such a rebuke as well, from the matter-of-fact in things.

I have often heard it said by outsiders that the master "disliked chapels." It is curious how my experience of Balliol contradicts this statement. It is true that he instituted a "roll call" at the Porter's Lodge which served instead of morning chapel, and was very widely and skirmishingly patronized by men in various fantastic disarray, though topped with cap and gown, but I fancy his dislike was only to the short service being treated as a mere matter of form. Like many lonely men—and in later years the master once confessed to me that he knew the meaning of the word lonely—I think the chapel held for him a sort of domestic sanctity; it was, in fact, a *focus*. His always magnetic look was there peculiarly searching and tender. He was most frequently at morning chapel himself, and during one or two terms, when I had a great inclination, almost sentimental, for evening chapel, constantly the master was there also.²

Twice in each term time, on Sunday

acumen was founded on the intercourse of every day.

² On one of these occasions, owing to the absence of any exhibitor, I read the lesson; and as I walked back with him to his house—it was in the evening—he gave me one of his neat backhanders: "You read the Bible very nicely, H.; you ought to study elocution!"

¹ It is notable that somehow it never made one distrust the master's *acumen*, because he now and then pounced upon us when we were really just doing our work. Perhaps because our trust in this

afternoons, the master's sermons, like those rare lectures of his which I was privileged to hear, and which I could count upon the fingers of one hand, were really enchanting. They had lightness and depth, with a tender, personal charm irresistibly sweet. It would often seem to me as if he had chosen the subject of them from our last conversation. Perhaps it seemed so to many; I do not know. People sometimes tell of these sermons as if they were merely didactic, as full of aphorism, and say that the master never spoke of religion.

One, indeed, I recall myself during which I sat and wondered why it should be given in a consecrated building. Sentence after sentence seemed a platitude of experience till, towards the close of it, as we sat in the dark, the first bell for hall rang; in those days the dining-hall was the present library, and so, close to the chapel. The master listened to the bell, and then added with an exquisite cadence of voice, "If you ask me for an ideal, an example, a standard; if you say, 'What then is the higher life?' I will tell you, *It is the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.*" As we all stood up then, there were many wet eyes. It was perhaps because of the surprise, the artistic shock which the beautiful reference in its delicate articulation brought, but I prefer to think that it was because in that moment, to others as to me, heart seemed to speak suddenly to heart of what was best and highest.¹

And now regarding his comments on the essays brought him by his pupils, of which so many good stories have been told, and of which, no doubt, many other good stories will by and by grow up, I should like to give one example to show how, in the best of faith, such stories have been improved. A group of us one day took the master some rather elaborated essays on the Greek State. We were much cha-

grined for our lost palms when, after listening to all the essays one after another without any apparent attention, he said quickly, —

"Yes, you've all left out two very important things: one is that the Greeks lived a long time ago, and the other is that their states were very small."

No doubt none of us had insisted enough on these two important facts. But later on in the day, I heard a clever exhibitor, to whom we had told the criticism, barefacedly reporting the remark in hall. He said, —

"Jowett told them there were only two things to remember in the structure of a Greek state: one was that the Greeks lived a long while before us, and the other that we lived a long time after the Greeks."

This story was highly commended and frequently quoted. It had its root in fact, and was a fair *reductio ad absurdum* of the master's criticism, but unfortunately the point of it was not true.²

I took essays to him on many and various subjects, and only once got a slight snubbing from him. George Eliot and her husband had been his guests the Sunday before, and I had dragged some quotation from a book of hers into my political economy discourse, which was, I fear, a very careless and hurried essay besides. When I had done reading it, he made an appreciable pause, and then said crushingly, and with the one stony look I ever had from him: "You can turn a sentence neatly; that's all there is in that." I recollect being thankful that I was sitting back to the window, that

² In the speech he made at the now historical Balliol dinner of last year, Asquith alluded to the awful sense of shyness that used to fall upon him — a shyness far surpassing that of a maiden speech or the receiving of a first deputation — as he crossed the quad "with a few stray thoughts jauntily jotted down in the small hours of Saturday morning to read aloud to the master on Saturday afternoon." Every one laughed, by the way, except the master, who seemed rather surprised to hear of the home secretary's shyness, and did not seem to think the recollection humorous; but genial though he was, and calm, that memorable evening, he was not in a mirthful mood; one felt that he was husbanding his strength.

¹ I find among subjects of his sermons, specified in a journal of mine: "Friendship," "The union of childlikeness and manhood," "Owe no man anything but to love one another," "The Temple."

the others could only guess the glow of shame I felt stealing over me.

I am reminded by my friend Walter Sichel of a fairly authentic story in connection with these essay readings, a story I have not seen told elsewhere. It is an admirable instance of the master's impatience of bombast. A nervous reader launched into his rather pretentious effort: "*Ἐγὼ δὲ σεαυτὸν*" — know thyself — these were the immortal words written over the golden gates of Delphi! "Oh don't, don't," interrupted the master with a squeak of pain, poking the fire violently, as if to drown at once the platitude and his own cry, "Next essay, please;" and the rest of the offender's lucubration was banished unheard.

What perhaps during these years riveted most firmly my affection to the master was the fact that I had the misfortune to lose both my parents in ten months. After my father's death I paid the master a visit of many days at his own house, dating from Monday, February 28th, 1876, seeing nobody but himself, with occasional guests and undergraduate friends, a visit during which his house was literally mine whether he was there or away — as he was for a couple of days — at Malvern. It was during his short absence at Malvern, while I was alone at the house with the Knight family in kind and close attendance, that it happened that my most intimate friend, Richard Arnold — Matthew Arnold's only surviving son — was very seriously ill. My seclusion and leisure, for the master forbade me to read at all during this visit, enabled me to pass long hours with Arnold; and, no sooner was the master gone to Malvern, than he became so much worse that his cousin Mrs. Humphry Ward, who was then living in Oxford, and came constantly to see him, became very concerned. It was then that with Miss Knight's consent we took upon ourselves to telegraph to Mrs. Arnold, begging her to come and stay at the master's house. She and Mrs. Ward arrived together, and when the master returned, and I told him all about it, he patted me on

the back, literally, with his small, soft hand — his geniality was not the less cordial for seeming to be always in miniature — and said, "You did quite right." Mrs. Arnold and he and I had some days together, which I can best describe as shadowy, my shadows being from the near past, hers from the apparently lowering future.

Of course the impressions left by these grieving hours — brightened by Arnold's ultimate recovery — were not so deep as those that brighter hours at the master's house often made upon me. Mental photography seems to need sunshine to be very keen of outline, and there were fatigue and sadness; great griefs are apt to leave a numbness to impressions for a time. Looking back now, I wish that I had steeped myself more and more in the privilege of the master's companionship, instead of constantly taking myself off to my bedroom, or to the drawing-room which was made over to me. "Don't go," he always said when I wished to efface myself, or, if people came to see him on business, "go into the drawing-room, H., I'll follow you there," which he never failed to do. In that large, beautiful room, which has always held for me something monastic in its look, and in which, by the way, I wrote my *Newdigate* poem, in undisturbed seclusion, we had many and many an intimate talk, as intimate as any I remember to have had with anybody; one evening, until late into the night. I had many letters from him, too, about this time and later.¹

I think it must have been before then that I had the privilege of introducing Arnold Toynbee to him, or at least of being the means of Toynbee's introduction to him. I had known Toynbee years before at a tutor's, and during my first year at Oxford had discovered him, very lonely, at Pembroke College, which he panted to exchange for Balliol. He was diffident of possi-

¹ In one of these I find he wrote: "You must not let your courage fail, but keep the mind above the body even when you are most severely tried; if there is anything you would like me to do for you, let me know."

bilities, as, somehow, with all his great and wide knowledge, he always knew "little Latin and less Greek," but after a time, to my infinite pleasure, and owing to the master's relaxation of certain forms, he became a member of Balliol. I recollect during this visit of mine how often we discoursed about him, and how deep was the impression which his splendid gifts and captivating calm seemed to have made upon the master.

Years afterwards — last year, indeed, at the Balliol dinner — when I heard Jowett allude to Toynbee in his speech as "that most remarkable young man," the conviction with which he said the words lending, as was so often the case with him, a special value to the commonplace, I remembered how he had said to me during one conversation in this visit, "You have many good friends," and named Arnold Toynbee first among them; adding, "don't go after bad ones," for of two or three very intimate acquaintances of mine he seemed to have a special dislike and fear; they were perhaps the most gifted men of my time, and it is only fair to add that I never found their influence — which was of the greatest and deepest with me — pernicious in the least degree, and most of them have remained my intimate friends through life; but then "forewarned" is, no doubt, "forearmed," and but for the master's by no means flattering estimate of their powers — "Very foolish and very unwise" is a sample — their extraordinary intellectual charm might have proved a "will o' the wisp" for me.

There was one man of genius at Oxford whose influence, despite real appreciation of his high-mindedness, the master always discounted. He once said of him that he had "great sensibility and no sense."

It was this summer that "Shrimpton" himself brought me in the news one morning that I had got the Newdigate prize for my poem "Troy," commenced, as I have already said, during those days of mourning in the master's quiet and deep-windowed drawing-

room; and the master, with whom I "breakfasted" the next morning and "strolled about the quad," expressed — perhaps partly because of my orphanhood — an almost disproportionate pleasure in my success: "I'm glad you've got it, I'm very glad; I'm glad Balliol's got it."

The very day before I was to recite my poem at the Encænna in the Sheldonian theatre, I broke a blood-vessel in the lungs.¹ I lay ill for some days — forbidden by the doctors to see any but my most intimate friends, as they went down — under the guardianship of my sister and the master, receiving many kind offices, too, from Mr. Strachan Davidson, who had himself suffered from similar illness.

Matters did not mend with me, and thus, after sharing so faithfully in all my other troubles and anxiety, the master was now my constant visitor in illness; and I have sacred recollections of our whispered talks during those days, of all his comprehension, and his companionable and gracious ways. I can see him quite plainly as I saw him once, waking up quickly, standing at the door between my bedroom and sitting-room, and occupying the moments while, I suppose, he hesitated to disturb me, in looking at a tall glass of daisies and spiræa, the fading relic of one of our little feasts of the preceding week, as if he rather moralized upon its symbolism and its vanity.

One small trait of his sympathy I would quote here, though I fancy it belongs by right to an interview I had with him in another illness, years later. We were speaking of leisure, and I said, "The days seem long enough for one to do everything in every day, when one lies ill;" and he answered quickly, "Yes, and then routine comes in, and spoils all." It has always seemed to me that this was rather a notable saying from the master's lips, as he was a great stickler for routine, and had not then, as far as I am aware, had any illness that so laid him by. But he realized my vague impression of

¹ "Troy" was recited for me by Philip Gell.

the untrammelled speed of thought and the elastic value of unoccupied time, completely.

My sister and the master made great friends at this time; there were several other guests at his house for Commemoration, and it was *à propos* of her asking him "to marry her" — her wedding day being fixed in October — that by and by it passed into a report that a young lady had proposed to the master; he was fond of telling the story himself, and it became quite a classic.

One is much struck, looking back, with the elementary simplicity of the little jokes which amused the master, by the way, where ladies were concerned. A friend of mine who passed a vacation with him at Malvern told me that once when he said something rather neatly, his secretary Knight laughed — it was at luncheon — more than the master felt the occasion warranted: "You needn't laugh, Knight," he said, with mock acerbity; "you needn't laugh at my jokes; you're not my wife."

By the end of this month of July I was able to leave Oxford for the sea, but my farewell of the master was taken in such physical weakness that I frankly forget all about it. It seems to have been not till eighteen months or more had passed, after I had been abroad, and when I had given up all hopes of returning to Balliol, that he suddenly came to see me in London one morning, very hale and bright, seeming to bring the fresh air with him into my warm rooms in Charles Street, and with the manner of a light-hearted comrade.¹

One spring day, I recollect, my sitting-room seemed hot to him as he came in from the bright air in which he had been walking briskly, and he said, after a short talk, with a pleasant little

laugh, "H., may I go to sleep here for a bit?" which he proceeded to do forthwith in an easy-chair by the fire. When he woke up I told him how often I had taken the same liberty at Philip Gell's lodgings at Oxford, pretty, old-fashioned rooms in the countryfied road to the parks. "It is a great sign of friendship," said the master, unconscious that I had been trying to draw his kind face while he slept, and had my hand over the much-prized image. This drawing I cannot here reprint; instead of it I would just introduce some lines written more lately, remembering a talk with him, which convey a sort of picture of him to my mind. Firelight is the illumination in which memory always sees the master's face most clearly, the firelight of his Oxford library, with the uncurtained window making a patch of dark outside, the lamps not yet brought in. The verses deal with many subjects that we discussed together, and it is only the last few lines I would quote: —

And what in these was most or least to admire

He judged with candid utterance pure and sane,

The scholar and the critic, Balliol's sire,
Master of many books and many men,
There, like a wise cat, blinking at the fire.

It was only last year that my long-cherished dream of going to Oxford again was fulfilled, when I was fortunately able to accept the invitation he kindly sent me to his famous Balliol dinner on the 24th of June. It was a memorable occasion, and became more memorable in the light of his subsequent sudden and fatal illness. The dinner, such a rallying point for Balliol, has not yet, I believe, been described — no reporters were permitted to be present — so that a brief account of it from the exact individual point of view (for into its social and intellectual bearings it is difficult to enter briefly), may not be unwelcome.

The invitation was, "to meet members of the two Houses of Parliament, and other members of the College." We were one hundred and eight in

¹ After this he came frequently, and once, finding me idle, proposed to me some translations from the Greek Anthology, sending me all the books himself from his own library and that of the college; these I made with great pleasure, interest, and profit; they were published in the *Nineteenth Century*. He suggested to me also to translate the "Prometheus Vincetus."

all, and had as nearly as possible our own old rooms. We assembled in the library — formerly the hall — which I had not seen in its present guise, and there the master's greeting was individual and benign; he looked particularly well. We made our way across the garden quad, and as we took up our places, we found, set to each, a beautiful *menu*, with the arms of the college in colors on cream cardboard, and illustrated with two photographic views, one of the chapel, and one of the new hall where we dined. It contained the bill of fare, which was excellent, and the bill of the toasts, which was as follows:—

- (i.) The Queen.
Proposed by the Master.
- (ii.) *Domus de Balliolo*.
Proposed by the Master.
- (iii.) The House of Lords.
Proposed by Mr. Strachan Davidson.
Responded to by Lord Morley and Lord Coleridge.
- (iv.) The House of Commons.
Proposed by Mr. Dicey,
Responded to by the Speaker, etc.

So fine an intellectual feast needs little comment. The speeches of Lord Coleridge, Lord Morley (the chairman of committees), Mr. Peel (the speaker), and Asquith (home secretary) were brilliant and amusing¹—the last especially—but the master's speech for the second toast was, of course, the event of the evening. The subject of it was, as he phrased it, with a suggestion of Ibsen which was surely unconscious, "The pillars of the House," and the toast which followed it, "*Domus de Balliolo*," was doubtless that which of all toasts was dearest to his heart. He uttered it with a slow unction and tender cadence I shall never forget; it was almost music in its divisions.

Mainly he dealt with the departed spirits he had loved. The speech was not a sad one; much that was buoyant

there was, about the progress of the college—"they will find us going forward"—much there was that was gentle, courteous, and kind, in praise and welcome of the living; but it haunts the memory as a panegyric of the dead. It was in his eulogy of "dear friends passed away," Henry Smith, Thomas Green, Richard Nettleship, Arnold Toynbee, that the master was most felicitous, and most strangely sympathetic. The simple words seemed heavy with thought, the accents brimming with regret. Most typically he said of Henry Smith, leaning forward a little over the table, and with a long pause before the words, "He was—a good man." The sentence itself looks *banal* enough so written, but said as he said it, it came like a conviction brought up from the very depths of his heart and brain, with the blessing of a divine judgment; none need desire a more enduring epitaph than the praise of this just man who saw that "wise men also die . . . and leave their riches for other."

After the dinner was over, he came with us all to the common room, and had a few minutes' talk with almost every one. To me, I recollect, he spoke of my neighbor at dinner—Mr. Walker—as the "Balliol innovation of a musical Don."² We enjoyed an undergraduate evening afterwards, walking about in groups in the garden quad—the night was most beautiful—visiting old staircases and old rooms; ultimately, some of us, stemming the almost fatiguing flow of memory by playing whist till bedtime. On Sunday morning, after breakfasting in hall and taking a walk about Oxford, many of us joined the master and his house-party in hall for a musical recital given by Mr. Farmer and his daughter, who sang, I remember, among other things, with a modest manner most winning, and great sweetness of tone, Haydn's "With verdure clad," and "Golden slumbers kiss thine eyes."

As the master sat there in hall under the sunny morning light, on the dais

¹ One effective sentence of Mr. Asquith's alluded to certain old Balliol men present, as "having exchanged the plain living and high thinking of their college for the immoderate luxury and moderate learning of All Souls."

² My place had been between him and Sir J. Conroy at the master's table.

beneath his own famous portrait by Watts, with his guests and friends disposed around him, the music, which he liked so much at all times, and more especially of late, pealing down from the organ loft opposite, I sat just behind him on his left, and got my last mental photograph of him which I would not change for any other. Knowledge, sympathy, kindness, strength, they were all beautifully blent in his aspect. The peace of a finished course seemed to be in him and about him.

As we listened, I remembered how he had once said to me: "One of the charms of music is its vagueness; it says different things to different people; nobody can say it doesn't mean that or the other;" and I wondered what the music said to him in his happy mood. It may have sounded like the lapping of eternity's tide, nearer and nearer.

When the recital was over, and the company had dwindled, he talked to us all — last words, to some, had we but known it, but his words, like most unaffected last words, were singularly simple. I know that, after all our solemn talks, his very last words to me were almost "chaff," as he understood it. Lady Morley and I were telling him that we had met in Rome, and he said to me suddenly: "Do you talk Italian?" I said, "Yes," that I had done more in the way of talking Italian than of seeing Italy at that time (alluding to an illness in Rome). "Well, you must travel now, and learn something," he said with a little laugh, as he took my arm.

I had enjoyed a rather considerable talk with him before, the subjects of which were, however, purely personal; we had talked of many friends living and dead, and afterwards I had expressed the wish some of us had felt that he should have had a service for us in Balliol chapel "like family prayer," instead of sending us all off, as he did in the afternoon, to Magdalen and New. "Dear me," he said at length, "I wish I'd had it; I thought no one would care." There was some-

thing of interest in all that discussion, but this other little trivial sentence: "You must travel now, and learn something!" which was not seriously meant, and so which I cannot even pretend to take seriously, was really his very last word in life to me.

The rest of our day was spent in visits, services, society. With Lord Russell I visited Warren at Magdalen, and Abbott at Headington, in his peaceful home upon the hill where the master was destined to stay later, and feel the first symptoms of his illness. It was a happy Oxford Sunday. Monday morning, on my way to Russell's room for early breakfast before we went down together, I walked to the garden entrance of the master's house to leave my card at a quarter before eight. There by the open door I met my old friend Miss Knight — his housekeeper — who kindly offered to take me straight to his room, "to have a talk with him," as she said. But I refused to go up, and contented myself with writing to him once more from London.

I am sorry — and not sorry. I might have got some word of wisdom from him, I should assuredly have got some word of kindness; but I should have lost that last picturesque impression of his apotheosis in the hall of his own building. A line of one of Gounod's songs sings in my head when I think of it: "*Le sage vit en paix.*" To have been there, and to have seen that peace, is to be thankful. On the 6th of October I went down by the special train from Paddington to the master's funeral at Oxford; Lord Winchilsea and I, who arrived at the last moment, being (perhaps for that very reason) most fortunate in getting front places where we had both been used to play in the chapel just in the chancel-corner, the harmonium in old days! The coffin was half way up the chapel in the aisle. We passed it almost unaware in the different light, as we were shown to our seats. Farmer was playing now upon this other organ — like the one in Hall, of the master's giving — but he was out of hearing it forever; the favorite airs were woven

into a dreamy dirge, breaking the "Dead March" with "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

The congregation was most representative, but the service, of which so many accounts were written in the papers, was not religiously impressive. The funeral procession¹ wound through the fellows' garden and the garden quad, up St. Giles's and Jericho to the unlovely cemetery ground, in a crowd of great length but desultory and scattered in form. I walked with Alfred Milner, who had been my very first Balliol associate; behind us were some foreign princes, Siamese or Japanese, oddly like some who had been at the college in our time, but I suppose a later generation. Practically the same. We were hustled round the grave; the scouts held the multitudinous wreaths like aprons; a little rain fell. It was all over, what did it matter how? Many an old friend was met there, but they were each and all a friend the less, and their meeting was to be never again at the master's bidding. It was just a year ago.

The last time we all met — once more together — but only in his name, was at the great memorial meeting on the 2nd of December in the theatre of the University of London, when, to our full committee, and others of the master's friends, the speaker, who was our chairman, Lord Salisbury, the lord chancellor, the home secretary, the lord chief justice, Lord Bowen, Professor Huxley, the Bishop of London, and others, spoke for our friend, and added each his tribute to the master's memory. All that they said made up an impressive body of remembrance and of praise. Almost it makes me fear to add my words of memory; on reading them they seem of little value, but they have their roots deep down. It is a case, like all cases of true influence, where "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are" — well! more durable.

WILLIAM HARDINGE.

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POETS OF PROVENCE.

IN fair Provence, the land of flowers and sunshine, there dwells a race as yet untainted by any touch of what, for want of a better name, we may call the spirit of our *fin de siècle*; a race not morbid, not pessimistic, nor tired of this weary world, but genial, joyous, and full of fire and vigorous life. By them the question, "Is life worth living?" would hardly be asked; it answers itself, for who would choose but live in a world so full of warmth and light and beauty as theirs? Among the children of the sun, poetry springs up as naturally as the flowers grow — their life is a poem; they sing of love, of the nature around them, of sowing and of reaping and of the legends of the countryside, and through all their songs the sunlight glows. They are lineal descendants of the troubadours who brought into the courts of uncultured kings and the halls of a rude nobility the leavening breath of art. It is not of these troubadours of the olden time that it is my intention to speak in this paper, except in so far as it is necessary, in order to understand the great poetic movement of the latter half of the present century in southern France and eastern Spain. For the movement is a revival rather than a new birth. The Provençal poets of to-day, or *Félibres* as they call themselves, not only derive their inspiration from mediæval times, they write in tongues which have a common origin with those of the troubadours. We all know the story of how Rome made herself the mistress not solely of the material destinies of the countries she conquered, but of their speech also; of how in the course of centuries this imposed unity of tongue again became diversity, and the popular idiom of the Romans developed into the group of languages which we call romance, and which includes Italian, French, Provençal, Spanish, Portuguese, Roumanian, and a number of minor languages or dialects. Even from the first, peculiarities were to be found in the Latin spoken in different provinces, and that

¹ I had been honored by a grasp of his hand at Browning's funeral, I think, and certainly at Tennyson's.

which prevailed in Gaul was called Gallo-Roman, just as that which was spoken in Spain was called Hispano-Roman. With the slackening of Roman authority, Gallo-Roman again became divided into dialects which form two principal groups — the *langues d'oïl* of northern France, and the *langues d'oc* of the southern provinces extending landwards from the shores of the Mediterranean.¹ The *langues d'oc* are divided again into three groups — Gascon, Catalanian, and Provençal. The chief dialect of the last-named group is Provençal, properly so called.

In the tenth century there already existed a Provençal literature, of which some fragments still remain. The twelfth century brought with it a brilliant expansion, chiefly lyrical in character, and due to the wandering minstrels or troubadours. In mediæval England, as in France and Germany, the troubadour or minnesinger, whether of noble or of peasant birth, was everywhere a favored and welcome guest. The gift of song levelled all barriers of rank, fortune, and race. And this universal welcome is well illustrated by the story of Alfred, who, wishing to visit the Danish camp, adopted the secure disguise of a wandering singer. The name troubadour or *trouvère* is derived from *trobar* — *trouver*, to find; and in French the expression is still used, "C'est vraiment trouvé." "It is a real inspiration!"

Although the tradition of song never wholly died out in Provence, there is unhappily no continuous chain linking the poets of the Middle Ages to the Provençal poets of to-day. For the chain was rudely broken, and many of the links were lost in the religious wars against the Albigenses at the end of the twelfth and in the beginning of the thirteenth century. At this moment the troubadours were at the zenith of their fame, and it seemed possible that a separate nationality and kingdom

might be formed from the independent provinces of the South, in which the *langue d'oc* was spoken. It may well be that it was jealousy of this contingency that prompted the French king to encourage the Crusades. And, indeed, in the ruin which followed on the path of the Crusaders, all hope of a Provençal kingdom was lost. Villages were burnt and plundered, and the inhabitants massacred without mercy. At the sacking of Béziers under Simon de Montfort, there were sixty thousand victims; Albigenses and Catholics were slaughtered indiscriminately. Before the assault, the Abbé Arnaud Amalric said, "Slay all, God will know his own!"

The separate provinces were united with France in the thirteenth century. The peaceful singers had been driven out, and forced to find a refuge elsewhere, some in the seclusion of the cloister, and some in foreign lands. Most of their manuscripts were lost or destroyed, and from this time the southern dialects degenerated from a language of song and poetry to a mere *patois*, the half contemptuous name given to the speech of a people without a literature.

We owe much to the troubadours of Provence. They had something of the modern spirit; it is from them that the two great poets of the Middle Ages, Dante and Petrarch, learnt the discipline of form and style; it was the troubadours who raised the ideal of womanhood, and who founded the tradition of tender and chivalrous love.

From the thirteenth century to our own, there was a long interval of unproductiveness in Provençal literature, the silence being broken only now and then by a few isolated singers. When the works of Jasmin became known about the middle of the present century, they were greeted as the last flashes of a fire that had long been thought extinct.

Jacques Jasmin, though not properly speaking the founder of the *Félibrige*, was in fact the first of the modern troubadours. He was born at Agen in 1798, and was of very humble origin;

¹ These distinguishing names, *langue d'oïl* and *langue d'oc*, derived from the "yes" of the respective languages, became general about the tenth century. Dante calls Italian the *lingua di sì*. The *oïl* of the North is, of course, the *oui* of modern French.

the son of a tailor, whose customers were few and whose earnings were sadly insufficient. The tradition of his family was that they must all die à l'hôpital, that is to say, in the work-house, and it was predicted of Jacques that he would be no exception to the rule. The little fellow used to gather sticks in the wood, and sell them for a trifle, or earn a stray sou by carrying parcels at the village fairs, and so added his mite to the family resources. His father, though he could neither read nor write, composed comic songs and verses which he would recite at the weddings, and fairs, and village festivals of the neighborhood. He took his little son about with him almost as soon as he could walk. For a long time his parents could not afford to send Jacques to school, but finally a scholarship was obtained for him. On leaving school he was apprenticed to a hair-dresser at Agen, where he afterwards set up in business for himself. He continued, meanwhile, to study alone, spending his few hours of leisure in devouring the works of Florian, Goudouli, and other poets. Then he began himself to compose poems and songs, and to recite them to his customers, who came in crowds to his shop, as the barber-poet grew to be the fashion.

Among his chief works are "Les Papillotes," "Mes Souvenirs," and "L'Aveugle de Castel-Cuillé," which last was translated by Longfellow. In 1852, the Académie Française awarded Jasmin a prize of five thousand francs, "pour ses poésies écrites en dialecte provençal." He went to Paris, and was received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm. Jasmin died in 1864. The success which came to him rather late in life seems to have left his native simplicity not altogether unspoilt, if we may judge from the following extract from a letter, written by Roumanille to M. Paul Mariéton.

Roumanille, of whom I shall have more to say later, is known as the father of the Félibres, and it is chiefly to his initiative that the Provençal renaissance owes its widespread influence. He writes, in speaking of the

Congress of Provençal poets which met at Arles in 1852:—

I was, as it were, harnessed to this congress, as a donkey to a cart full of corn, and there was no need of a whip to urge me on and make me stretch my legs. "Zuze un peu, mon bon!" I was in the prime of life, in the full flower of my thirty-fourth year. I could have dragged my cart-load to the very top of Mount Ventoux! I sent out summonses to the right, to the left, above, below, to all those who would, I thought, look kindly on my congress; to the young and the old (and especially the young) of every dialect. Never had I been so profitable to the post-office, never had I buckled my belt so tight (poor ill-paid printer's reader that I was) as I did then, in order to have in readiness the stamps needed to frank all those letters of invitation, and the correspondence to which they gave rise in most cases. Among other stamps wasted, I reckon, first of all, those which I persistently threw into the well of Agen and the celebrated shop of its immortal barber Jasmin. I wanted to have him. I wanted him to be there as well as in "les Provençales." ["Les Provençales" is a collection of poems, etc., by different authors, published by Roumanille, to which I shall refer later on.] And as I have never been afraid of the glory of others, but, on the contrary, have always rejoiced in it, I cared a great deal about having Jasmin; I needed him, I felt he must come. "Sa tête bien coiffée de coiffeur" would have done very well in the landscape. I rejoiced beforehand to think of the splendor which this living sun would shed on our fête . . . alas, poor Rouma! What an illusion! He came not to the meeting, and I was left feeling small, and disappointed, and downcast. 'Twas a drop of gall in my cup of honey. If even the Gascon divinity had deigned to answer a single one of my letters, and to tell me how and why it was he would not come and join us at Arles. But not a line—not a word! And all my wasted stamps! It was Fré dol of Maguelonne who gave me the key to the Jasmin enigma.

"Well, did you see Jasmin? Have you spoken to him? What did he say?"

"My friend, I have seen Jasmin, I have spoken to him, and he said—"

"What did he say?"

"That he would not come to Arles; it would be the last thing he would think of doing."

"And then?"

"That we might meet together thirty, fifty, eighty, a hundred of us, but that between us all we should never make as much noise in the world as he had done, and would do, all by himself!" This is an historic fact! What can one do with such a man? I said to myself, "Rouma, you are no better than a fool! You ought to have foreseen this, and avoided the snub — and economized the postage stamps!"

And truly, the barber of Agen, one day at Avignon, showed himself to me in his real colors. It was in 1848; he was on a *pilgrimage*, as he loved to call it, through Provence and Languedoc with Mlle. Roaldez, a remarkably gifted harpist. The young lady drew sweet melodies from the instrument of King David, and Jasmin alternated with her, reciting admirably his Gascon pieces — "La Semaine d'un Fils," "Marthe la Folle," etc. — like the finished actor that he was. The audience was carried away, and storms of applause followed on one another. That evening I saw tears in the brightest eyes of Avignon. (At that time I was by no means indifferent to bright eyes, and I might say the same even now!)

At the end of the poetic concert the great actor-poet came down from the platform to receive the congratulations and hand-shakes of the ladies and gentlemen in the front seats. I, Rouma, deeply moved and in a fever of excitement, forced my way from the very back of the hall to the hero of the *fête*.

"Monsieur Jasmin," I said, "I am indeed happy to press the hand of a great master."

"I thank you, young man," said he, taking off his gloves. "To whom have I the honor of speaking?"

"To Roumanille, a humble flute-player."

Here I must explain that I had just published "Li Margarideto," and had dedicated to Jasmin the piece I thought the least unworthy of his acceptance. I had sent him, the year before, my first volume (the page with *Madaleno* marked), together with a respectful letter. This was in October, 1847. And so I said my name distinctly, *Roumanille*, hoping that if the poet of Agen had not thought it worth while to send me a line of thanks for my dedication and the present of my book, he might profit by the opportunity to show me this courtesy by word of mouth.

"Roumanille? . . . Indeed, *monsieur*, the name is not altogether unknown to me.

. . . Roumanille . . . I thought it was the name of a dead poet."

This reception took away my breath. However, I only answered, "Pardon, *Monsieur Jasmin*! I am not dead yet, thank Heaven! As you see, I am much younger than you are; as you see, also, I am in perfect health, and I have reason to hope that you will die before I do, and — who knows? Heaven may decree that I shall write your epitaph!"

I have quoted at length from this letter because it gives a vivid picture of the two men. Paul Mariéton, to whom it was written, and who is the editor of the monthly *Revue Félibréenne* and a poet of no little fame, says of Roumanille, that his letters even more than his published works show all his *verve* and his good sense. All his life a man of the people, Roumanille was yet very refined. His university training, while it enabled him to express in literary form his genuine feelings, had in no wise destroyed their savor nor taken aught from the frank and joyous humor of the peasant of Saint Rémy. I may here quote a few lines from an article by Thomas Janvier, himself a *Félibre*, which was published in the *Century Magazine* : —

Most gentle is the business carried on by the people of St. Rémy: the raising of flowers and the sale of their seed. All around the town are fields of flowers, and the flowers are suffered to grow to full maturity, that their seed may be garnered and sent abroad. Everywhere delicate odors floated in the air, and though it was August bright colors still mingled everywhere with the green of leaves and grass. Insensibly their gracious manner of earning a livelihood has reacted upon the people themselves; the folk of St. Rémy are noted for their gentleness and kindness even among their gentle and kindly fellow-countrymen of Provence. We understood better Roumanille's beautiful nature when we came to know the town of gardens wherein he was born, and we also appreciated more keenly the verse — in his exquisite little poem to his mother — in which he chronicles his birth : —

In a farmhouse hidden in the midst of apple-trees,
On a beautiful morning in harvest time,
I was born to a gardener and a gardener's wife,
In the gardens of St. Rémy.

Roumanille was born in 1818 and was sent to school and to college. At the age of twenty he wrote some verses to his mother, but when he came to read them to her he found she had long since forgotten the little French she had learned at school, and understood no word of the tender poem. The youth, sad and disappointed, thus expressed his feelings : —

So my mother is deprived of all the intellectual pleasures which delight me. When her day's work is done she cannot listen to beautiful thoughts and melodious words. In the centre and the north of France the words of our poets penetrate into the workshop of the mechanic and into the hut of the laborer. By song, verse or psalm a joyous or a noble thought may be engraven in their memories. But here, what is the poetry of the poor? Our Provençal language has been dishonored for centuries past by coarse and flippant writers who use it as the medium for their vulgar jokes fit only for the ears of drunkards. And this is all our popular literature! Well, since our mothers do not know French enough to understand the songs inspired by the tenderness of their children, let us sing in the language of our mothers, and place within their reach a literature at once healthy, free, and pure, yet joyous and gay and truly of the people.

This ambition he fulfilled.

From 1835 to 1838 his first poems were published in *L'Echo du Rhône*, and afterwards, in 1847, republished in a collection, "Li Margarideto" (*Les Marguerites*). In 1847 he gathered together the works of several Provençal poets in a volume, which was published under the title of "Les Provençales." In 1852 was held the Congress of Arles mentioned in the letter quoted above; and from that time the Provençal poets met together regularly in a kind of informal academy. For a long while they hesitated as to what name they should take. "Trouvère" seemed commonplace, and "Troubadour" grotesque. Often the peasants of the neighborhood would come at the conclusion of their feasts and sing the local songs during the dessert. One day an old woman stood out from the ranks of her companions, and sang a strange

song which contained the names of the twelve apostles. She proclaimed them one by one, and thus ended her song: "Grands apôtres, grands félibres!" (Great apostles, great félibres!). Mistral, Roumanille, and others sought in vain for this word in their memories. The woman was told she must be mistaken, but she insisted that the word *félibre* really formed part of the song. All philological research proved useless. And then the Provençal poets agreed to adopt the poor lost word, "a true waif of language." It has been conjectured that its real etymology is "homme de foi libre." Another suggestion is "faiseur de livres," but this seems less probable.

On May 21, 1854, was held the first formal meeting of the association of Félibres or *Félibrige* at the Castle of Fontségugne, near Avignon. The poets were seven in number: Roumanille, Anselme Mathieu, Aubanel, Tavan, Giéra, Brunet, and Frédéric Mistral — all these sharing with Roumanille the enthusiastic desire to take up again the lute of the troubadours, and by their singing to give fresh life to their native idiom.

At this meeting Roumanille was chosen to be *Capoulié*, or head of the Félibres, and it was decided to begin the publication of the "Almanach Provençal," which should contain verses and stories in dialect.

Roumanille and his friends were truly apostles, and the good news of the Provençal renaissance spread rapidly through the south of France and the Catalan provinces.

Et la mer aux flots bleus, la mer harmonieuse,
Sur le rivage d'or, où depuis cinq cents ans
L'âme de la Provence était silencieuse,
Se tut, pour écouter un chœur de paysans.

And the blue-billowed sea hushed its melody sweet,
On the fair golden shore where five centuries long
A silence of death held the soul of Provence,
To list to a chorus of peasants in song.

Since the first meeting at Arles, there have been over fifteen hundred poets writing in Provençal and more than three thousand works published in that language. Among these poets was Bonaparte Wyse, an Irishman who was warmly welcomed as a *Félibre*, and who died last year. Elizabeth, queen of Roumania was for some time the queen of the *Félibres*, and has taken a vivid interest in the movement. She has herself contributed, under her *nom de guerre* of Carmen Sylva, many charming poems and stories to the Provençal literature. The movement now flourishes in four provinces (Provence, Catalonia, Aquitaine and Languedoc) where the *Félibrige* has taken the form of a large academy. Each province has a *maintenance* presided over by a *syndicate*. The number of the *mainteneurs* is over two thousand. The more distinguished among the poets obtain the title of *félibre majoral*. Every year fêtes are held in each of the provinces, when the poets gather together in brotherly union from all parts, and the loving cup is passed from hand to hand — the celebrated cup which was given by the Catalonians to their brother poets of Provence. The cup is of graceful and antique form, the stem imitating that of a palm-tree ; on either side stands the figure of a young girl, tall, slender, and smiling. The one represents Provence, the other Catalonia. It is this cup that Mistral celebrates in his well-known song, "*La Coupe*," which is now, as it were, the *Marseillaise* of the South, and of which the following is a translation : —

Provençaux, this is the cup that we have from the Catalonians. Let us drink, each in turn, the pure wine of our vintage. Holy cup, filled to overflowing, pour out from thy fulness, pour out in a flowing stream the enthusiasm and the energy of the brave !

Of an ancient people, proud and free, we are perhaps the last, and if the *Félibres* fall, then will fall our nation. Holy etc.

Of a new springing race we are perhaps the first shoots, of our country we are the pillars and the chiefs. Holy etc.

Pour out to us the hopes and the dreams

of youth, the memories of the past, and faith in the year to come. Holy etc.

Pour out for us the knowledge of truth and beauty, and those lofty delights which defy the tomb. Holy etc.

Pour out for us sweet poesy, to sing all that has life ; for poetry is the nectar which renders man divine. Holy etc.

For the glory of our country, you our helpers, O Catalonians, from afar, O brothers, let us take counsel together. Holy cup, filled to overflowing, pour out from thy fulness, pour out in a flowing stream the enthusiasm and the energy of the brave.

Frédéric Mistral, the author of this stirring song, is the greatest of the Provençal poets. He has written a charming autobiographical sketch as a preface to his volume of poems entitled "*Les Iles d'Or*," from which I translate some passages.

I was born at Maillane in September, 1830. Maillane is a village near Arles, numbering about fifteen hundred souls, and situated in the centre of a vast plain bounded on the south by the blue Alps. My parents lived in the country and managed their own family estate. My father lost his first wife and was fifty-five years old when he married for the second time. This is how he made the acquaintance of my mother. One year at midsummer, *Maitre François Mistral* was in the midst of his fields of corn, which a band of reapers were cutting down with the sickle. A crowd of gleaners followed the men, and picked up the stray ears which had escaped the rake. *Maitre François*, my father, noticed a beautiful young girl who remained behind the others, seeming ashamed to glean as they did. He went up to her and said : "*Mignonne, whose child are you ? What is your name ?*"

The young girl answered, "*I am the daughter of Etienne Poulinet, the mayor of Maillane. They call me Délaïde.*"

"What !" cried my father, "the daughter of Poulinet, mayor of Maillane, goes a-gleaning !" "

"Master," replied she, "we are a large family, six girls and two boys, and though our father is fairly well-to-do, as you know, when we ask him for money to buy ribbons, he answers, 'My children, if you want pretty things to wear, earn them.' And that is why I have come a-gleaning."

Six months after this meeting, which

recalls the scene between Ruth and Boaz, Maître François asked Maître Poulnet for the hand of his daughter Délaïde, and I am their child.

Mistral goes on to describe his free and happy childhood, spent on his father's farm, which seemed to him an earthly paradise. At the age of nine or ten he was put to school in the neighborhood, but he so often played truant, that his parents thought it best to send him away to a small boarding school in Avignon. At first, the change from the freedom of the fields to the constraint of a *lycée*, and the necessity, under pain of ridicule, of speaking French instead of his native Provençal, made the boy very unhappy; but gradually the love of study grew stronger, and in the descriptions of Virgil and Homer he recognized a vivid picture of the peasant life of his beloved home. His first literary attempt was a translation of Virgil's "First Eclogue."

In 1845 Roumanille came as a master to the school where Mistral had been placed. A warm friendship sprang up between teacher and pupil—a friendship which proved a lasting one, and which had a great influence on Mistral's career, and also on the future of the Provençal renaissance. In 1847, Frédéric left school, and the following year went to Aix to study law. He took his degree in 1851; but when his father told him to choose a career, he threw aside his lawyer's gown and decided to live a life of contemplation amid the country scenes he loved, writing his beautiful poems at leisure and "far from the madding crowd." His first great work (perhaps his greatest) was "Mirèio," which was dedicated to Lamartine in the following words:—

I offer thee Mirèio, it is my heart and my soul,

And the blossom of my years,
A cluster of Crau grapes with all its green leaves

To thee a peasant bears.¹

Lamartine wrote of "Mirèio,"—

The literature of village life is found—

¹ Slightly altered from the translation by Miss Harriet Waters Preston.

thanks be to Heaven! A great epic poet is born—the nations of the West can produce such no more, but nature in the South continues to give them to mankind—there is virtue in the sun! A true Homeric poet in these times, a primitive poet in our age of decadence, a Greek poet at Avignon, a poet who creates a language from a dialect even as Petrarch created Italian, who transforms a vulgar *patois* into a classic tongue full of imagery and harmony, delighting the ear and the imagination—a poet who plays on his village harp a symphony of Mozart or of Beethoven—a poet of twenty-five who, at the first outpouring of his genius, gives to the world, in a flood of pure melody, a rustic epic where the descriptive scenes of the *Odyssey* and the innocently passionate scenes of the *Daphnis* and *Chloe* of Longus, mingled with the holiness and sadness of Christianity, are sung with the grace of Longus and the majestic simplicity of the blind Bard of Chio.

Mirèio is the daughter of a rich farmer of the valley of La Crau; Vincent, a poor travelling basket-maker, a supple and sturdy youth, with whom the girl falls in love one day when he comes to work for her father. The picking of the mulberry leaves—*la cueillette*—to feed the silkworms, brings the youth and maiden into closer acquaintance. The first delicious love scene can only be compared to the meeting by the river in "The Ordeal of Richard Fevre." The happiness of the lovers is soon interrupted by rival suitors for Mirèio's hand, one of whom, mad with jealousy, challenges Vincent to a duel and wounds him treacherously. Vincent however recovers, but only to find an insurmountable obstacle to his marriage with Mirèio in the unyielding pride of her father. She, in her sorrow, remembers that Vincent had once advised her, in any danger or trouble, to go to the *Eglise des Saintes Maries*, at some distance beyond La Crau, and there to ask the help of the saints, who would never fail her. Trusting to Vincent's words of counsel, she starts on her pilgrimage. But the poor child has overrated her strength. The fatigue of a long journey on foot across the arid and stony plain, the hot sun

pouring down on her unprotected head (for in her haste she had forgotten her sun-bonnet) are all too much for her, and close within reach of her goal she is stricken down. She just manages to creep into the chapel of the Saints, and her father and mother, who have spent two nights and days in agonized search for her, find Mirèio unconscious at the foot of the altar. Full of grief and remorse, they consent to her marriage with Vincent. But it is too late! The story of Mirèio's death is full of exquisite touches. In her delirium she sees visions of angels and hears heavenly music, and she fancies that a boat has come to fetch her to another world, "where two may love in peace." The poem of Mirèio was awarded a prize by the French Academy in 1861, and forms the subject of one of Gounod's most beautiful operas.¹ Mistral himself translated the poem into French, following the original very closely, but he has been accused of having purposely made the French somewhat poor (though the reproach does not seem to us a just one), in order the better to show the richness and sonority of the Provençal. Besides Mirèio, Mistral has written "Calendau," "Nerto," and a volume of poems entitled "Les Iles d'Or." But he himself considers that the great work of his life is the "Trésor du Félibrige," a dictionary of the Provençal dialects. Writing of "Les Iles d'Or," he says:—

The title may seem ambitious, I own; but I may be forgiven when it is known that it is the name of that small group of rocky islands, golden in the sunlight, which are seen from the shore at Hyères. And then, those divine moments in which love, enthusiasm, or sorrow makes poets of us all, are they not in truth the oases, the golden islands of our existence?

It is my good fortune to have the honor of a personal acquaintance with this great poet, and to have witnessed one of the annual *fêtes de Félibres*, or *maintenances*, as they are called. The celebration was held at Montpellier, a university town, and one of the most beautiful cities of Provence.

¹ Best known by its French name, "Mireille."

My brother-in-law, Arsène Darmesteter, who had given many years to the study of old French and the Romance languages, had been asked to be one of the vice-presidents on this occasion, and my sister and I went with him. It was in May; the weather was perfect, and everything was in the first freshness of spring. The singing of birds, the profusion of lovely flowers, the beauty of the scenery, and the strong impression produced on me by the enthusiasm of the poets of Provence, all combined to make the memory of this time ineffaceable. We passed through Avignon, the city of the popes, where we had our first sight of the rapid Rhône; Arles, where, in the silvery moonlight, we first saw the Roman arena, rising white and stately like a ghost from the past—Arles, with its beautiful old Cathedral of St. Trophime and its smiling, peaceful Aliscamps, or Champs Elysées, where so many of the old Romans lie at rest. Then through Nîmes, with its striking contrast between the bright, bustling, modern town, and the remains of the old Roman life—the gardens with their marble baths, the Arena, and the Maison Carrée; and thence to Montpellier, which was the goal of our pilgrimage. On the first evening we met Frédéric Mistral, the chief of the *Félibres* (Roumanille having some time before his death resigned this honor in his favor), and the hero of the hour. His appearance is most impressive; he is tall, broad, and manly looking, with a face singularly handsome and intellectual, and still youthful in its fire and vigor; dark eyes, keen yet kindly and regular features, the habitual expression of which is a bright and genial gaiety. Add to this the most musical of voices, a chivalrous courtesy of manner, and you have, perhaps, some slight idea of his personality. Mistral told us much about the movement, and the evening passed all too quickly.

On the following day we drove to the Villa Louise—a few miles from the town. Passing through a large garden, we came to an oval space surrounded by magnificent elms. In this space

seats were arranged in a semicircle for the guests, some five hundred in number; and facing them was the *Cour d'Amour*. This consisted of seven Félibres and seven ladies (of whom my sister was one) and was presided over by M. Laforgue. After Mistral's "Hymn to the Sun" had been sung, all present joining in the chorus, the president gave an account of the year's literary work and announced the names of the prize-winners. One of these was a young girl of twenty, Mlle. Brémont, a farmer's daughter, who had written a beautiful poem. She was unable to be present to receive her prize, because she had literally to "make hay while the sun shone," and help in her father's fields. The successful competitors were crowned with wreaths of laurel which had been gathered near the tomb of Virgil at Naples and conveyed to France as *Laurus Virgilio*, *plantes médicinales*, in order to avoid their confiscation through fear of the phylloxera, by which the French vineyards were at that time being devastated. Songs, speeches, and recitations completed the proceedings, and we drove back to Montpellier in time to dress for the banquet in the evening.

There were about a hundred guests present, of whom only seven were ladies; and after the necessary but less interesting business of dinner was over, there were several speeches. Mistral proposed to drink to the women of France, the living and the dead; to those who had inspired men with faith and courage to serve their country, and to those other noble women who had themselves given their lives for their native land. With this toast he coupled the name of the Lady Giralda of Laval, who during her husband's absence conducted the defence of her castle against the Crusaders. When at last, after a long and hard struggle, she was forced to surrender, the besiegers were so furious at having been held at bay by a woman, that they seized the unfortunate Giralda, and threw her down a dry well which they covered with a heap of stones. "I was walking near this spot," said Mistral, "with

my friend the Comte de Toulouse, and he pointed out to me that no plant grows in its neighborhood but *absinthe* (wormwood), the plant of bitterness. It seems as though nature herself still mourns the cruel death of her heroic child, and cries aloud for vengeance." This speech was followed by one from Arsène Darmesteter. "In poetry and song all men are brothers. But the idiom which is natural to a land is the one in which the thoughts of its people are best expressed; in another language they would lose their character and individuality," so he drank to the prosperity of the Félibriges and the poetry of the people. The speeches were followed by songs — Mistral singing his own "Magali" (from "Mirèio"), after which a young Marseillais poet sang a fine patriotic song of his own composition, and became so excited and moved that he jumped up on his chair, as it were to dominate the audience. The enthusiasm was intense and really thrilling. One felt it was no mere affectation or fashion, but a deep and real emotion.

There has been a strong opposition in France to the whole movement, on the ground that it is separatist and anti-patriotic in its tendency, but this is, I think, well answered in the words of Félix Gras: "J'aime mon village plus que ton village; j'aime ma Provence plus que ta province. J'aime la France plus que tout." CECILE HARTOG.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE REFORMER'S WIFE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

HE was a dreamer of dreams, with the look in his large dark eyes which Botticelli put into the eyes of his Moses; that Moses in doublet and hose whose figure, isolated from its surroundings, reminds one irresistibly of Christopher Columbus, or Vasco da Gama, of those, in fact, who dream of a promised land. And this man dreamed as wild a dream as any; he hoped, before he died, to change the social customs of India.

He used to sit in my drawing-room talking to me by the hour of the Prophet and his blessed Fatma (for he was a Mahommedan), and bewailing the sad degeneracy of these present days when caste had crept into and defiled the faith. I shall never forget the face of martyred enthusiasm with which he received my first invitation to dinner. He accepted it, as he would have accepted the stake, with fervor, and indeed to his ignorance the ordeal was supreme. However, he appeared punctual to the moment on the appointed day, and greatly relieved my mind by eating twice of plum-pudding, which he declared to be a surpassingly cool and most digestible form of nourishment calculated to soothe both body and mind. Though this is hardly the character usually assigned to it, I did not contradict him, for not even his eager self-sacrifice had sufficed for the soup, the fish, or the joint, and he might otherwise have left the table in a starving condition. As it was, he firmly set aside my invitation to drink water after the meal was over, with the modest remark that he had not eaten enough to warrant the indulgence.

The event caused quite a stir in that far-away little town set out among the ruins of a great city on the high bank of one of the Punjab rivers; for the scene of this sketch lay out of the beaten track, beyond the reach of *baboos* and barristers, patent-leather shoes and progress. Beyond the pale of civilization altogether it lay, among a quaint little colony of stalwart Pathans who still pointed with pride at an old gate or two which had withstood siege after siege in those fighting days when the river had flowed beneath the walls of the city. Since then the water had ebbed seven miles to the south-east, taking with it the prestige of the stronghold, which only remained a picturesque survival; a cluster of four-storied purple brick houses surrounded by an intermittent purple brick wall, bastioned and loopholed. A formidable defence it might have been while it lasted; but it had a trick of dissolving

meekly into a sort of mud hedge, in order to gain the next stately fragment, or, maybe, to effect an alliance with one of the frowning gateways which had defied assault. This condition of things was a source of sincere delight to my reformer Futtehdeen (Victory of Faith) who revelled in similes. It was typical of the irrational, illogical position of the inhabitants in regard to a thousand religious and social questions; and just as one brave man could break through these flimsy fortifications, so one resolute example would suffice to capture the citadel of prejudice, and plant the banner of abstract truth on its topmost pinnacle.

In the matter of dining out, indeed, it seemed as if he was right. For within a week of his desperate plunge I received an invitation to break bread with the Municipal Committee in the upper story of the vice-president's house. The request, which was emblazoned in gold, engrossed on silk paper in red and black, and enclosed in a brocade envelope, was signed by the eleven members and the Reformer, — who, by the way, edited a ridiculous little magazine to which the committee subscribed a few rupees a month, solely for the purpose of being able to send copies to their friends at court, and show that they were in the van of Progress. For a man must surely be that who is patron of a "Society for the General Good of all Men in all Countries."

The entertainment, given on the roof amid star-shine and catherine-wheels, was magnificently successful, its great feature being an enormous plum-pudding which I was gravely told had been prepared by my own cook; at what cost, I shudder to think, but the rascal's grinning face as he placed it on the table convinced me that he had seized the opportunity for some almost inconceivable extortion. Still there was no regret in those twelve grave bearded faces as one by one they tasted and approved. All this happened long before a miserable, exotic imitation of an English vestry had replaced the old patrician committees,

and these men were representatives of the bluest blood in the neighborhood, many of them descendants of those who in past times had held high office of state and had transmitted courtly manners to their children. So the epithets bestowed on the plum-pudding were many-syllabled; but the consensus of opinion was indubitably toward its coolness, its digestibility, and its evident property of soothing the body and the mind. Again I did not deny it; how could I, out on the roof under the eternal stars, with those twelve foreign faces showing, for once, a common bond of union with the Feringhee? I should have felt like Judas Iscariot if I had struck the thirteenth chord of denial.

The Reformer made a speech afterwards, I remember, in which, being wonderfully well read, he alluded to love-feasts and sacraments and the coming millennium, when all nations of the world should meet at one table and—well! not exactly eat plum-pudding together, but something very like it. Then we all shook hands, and a native musician played a tune on the *seringhi* which they informed me was "God save the Queen." It may have been; I only know that the Reformer's thin face beamed with almost pitiful delight as he told me triumphantly that this was only the beginning.

He was right. From that time forth the plum-pudding feast became a recognized function. Not a week passed without one, generally (for my gorge rose at the idea of my cook's extortion) in the summer-house in my garden, where I could have an excuse for providing the delicacy at my own expense. And I am bound to say that this increased intimacy bore other fruit than that contained in the pudding. For the matter of that it has continued to bear fruit, since I can truthfully date the beginning of my friendship for the people of India from the days when we ate plum-pudding together under the stars.

The Reformer was radiant. He formed himself and his eleven into

committees and sub-committees for every philanthropical object under the sun; and many an afternoon have I spent with my work under the trees watching one deputation after another retire behind the oleander hedge in order to permutate itself by deft rearrangement of members, secretaries, and vice-presidents, into some fresh body bent on the regeneration of mankind. For life was leisurely, lingering and lagging along in the little town where there was neither doctor nor parson, policeman nor canal-officer; nor, in fact, any white face save my own and my husband's. Still we went far and fast in a cheerful, unreal sort of way. We founded schools and debating societies, public libraries, and technical art classes. Finally we met enthusiastically over an extra-sized plum-pudding, and solemnly pledged ourselves to reduce the marriage expenditure of our daughters.

The Reformer grew more radiant than ever, and began (in the drawing-room, where it appeared to me he hatched all his most daring schemes) to talk proudly about infant marriage, enforced widowhood, and the seclusion of women. The latter I considered to be the key to the whole position, and therefore I felt surprised at the evident reluctance with which he met my suggestion that he should begin the struggle by bringing his wife to visit me. He had but one, although she was childless. This was partly, no doubt, in deference to his advanced theories, but also, at least so I judged from his conversation, because of his unbounded admiration for one who by his description was a pearl among women. In fact this unseen partner had from the first been held up to me as a refutation of all my strictures on the degradation of seclusion. So, to tell truth, I was quite anxious to see this paragon, and vexed at the constant ailments and absences which prevented our becoming acquainted. The more so because this shadow of hidden virtue fettered me in argument, for Futtehdeen was an eager patriot full of enthusiasms for India and the Indians.

Once the flimsy fortifications were scaled, he assured me that Hindoostan, and above all its women, would come to the front and put the universe to shame. Yet despite his successes he looked haggard and anxious; at the time I thought it was too much progress and plum-pudding combined, but afterwards I came to the conclusion that his conscience was ill at ease even then.

So the heat grew apace. The fly-catchers came to dart among the *sirus* flowers and skim round the massive dome of the old tomb in which we lived. The melons began to ripen, first by one and two, then in thousands, gold and green and russet. The corners of the streets were piled with them, and every man, woman, and child carried a crescent moon of melon at which they munched contentedly all day long. Now, even with the future good of humanity in view, I could not believe in the safety of a mixed diet of melon and plum-pudding, especially when cholera was in the air. Therefore on the next committee-day I had a light and wholesome refecton of sponge-cakes and jelly prepared for the philanthropists. They tasted it courteously, but sparingly. It was, they said, super-excellent, but of too heating and stimulating a nature to be consumed in quantities. In vain I assured them that it could be digested by the most delicate stomach, that it was, in short, a recognized food for convalescents. This only confirmed them in their view, for, according to the Yunāni system, an invalid diet must be heating, strengthening, stimulating. Somehow in the middle of their arguments I caught myself looking pitifully at the Reformer, and wondering at his temerity in tilting at the great mysterious mass of Eastern wisdom.

And that day, in deference to my Western zeal, he was to tilt wildly at the *zenana* system. His address fell flat, and for the first time I noticed a decidedly personal flavor in the discussion. Hitherto we had resolved and recorded gaily as if we ourselves were disinterested spectators. However, the

vice-president apologized for the general tone, with a side slash at exciting causes in the jelly and sponge-cake, whereat the other ten wagged their heads sagely, remarking that it was marvellous, stupendous, to feel the blood running riot in their veins after those few mouthfuls. Verily such food partook of magic. Only the Reformer dissented, and ate a whole sponge-cake defiantly. Even so the final resolution ran thus: "That this committee views with alarm any attempt to force the natural growth of female freedom, which it holds to be strictly a matter for the individual wishes of the man." Indeed it was with difficulty that I, as secretary, avoided the disgrace of having to record the spiteful rider, "and that if any member wanted to unveil the ladies, he could begin on his own wife."

I was young then in knowledge of Eastern ways, and consequently indignant. The Reformer, on the other hand, was strangely humble, and tried afterwards to evade the major point by eating another sponge-cake and making a facetious remark about experiments and vile bodies; for he was a mine of quotations, especially from the Bible, which he used to wield to my great discomfiture. But on the point at issue I knew he could scarcely go against his own convictions, so I pressed home his duty of taking the initiative. He agreed gently; by and by, perhaps, when his wife was more fit for the ordeal. And it was natural, even the *mem-sahiba* must allow, for accustomed modesty to shrink. She was to the full as devoted as he to the good cause, but at the same time — Finally the *mem-sahiba* must remember that women were women all over the world, even though occasionally one was to be found like the *mem-sahiba* capable of acting as secretary to innumerable committees without a blush. There was something so wistful in his eager blending of flattery and excuse, that I yielded for the time, though determined in the end to carry my point. And finally I succeeded in getting half the members to consent to sending

their wives to meet in my drawing-room after dark, provided always that Meer Futtehdeen, the Reformer, would set a good example. He looked troubled when I told him, and pointed out that the responsibility for success or failure now lay virtually with him. Yet he did not deny it.

I took elaborate precautions to insure the most modest seclusion on the appointed evening, even to sending my husband up a ladder to the gallery at the very top of the dome to smoke his cigar. But I waited in vain,—in my best gown, by the way. No one came, though my *ayah* assured me that several jealously guarded *dhoolies* had arrived at the garden gate, and gone away again when it was known that Mrs. Futtehdeen had not come.

I was virtuously indignant with the offender, and the next time he came to see me sent out a message that I was otherwise engaged. I felt a little remorseful at having done so, however, when committee-day coming round the Reformer was reported to be on the sick-list. And there he remained until after the first rain had fallen, bringing with it the real Indian spring, the spring full of roses and jasmine of which the poets and the *bulbuls* sing. By this time the novelty had worn off philanthropy and plum-pudding, so that often we had a difficulty in getting a quorum together to resolve anything; and I personally had begun to weary for the dazzled eyes and the eager voice so full of sanguine hope. Therefore it gave me a pang to learn from the vice-president, who being a government official was a model of punctuality, that in all probability I should never hear or see either one or the other again, since Futtehdeen was dying of the rapid decline which comes so often to the Indian student.

A recurrence of vague remorse made me put my pride in my pocket, and go unasked to the Reformer's house; but my decision came too late. He had died the morning of my visit, and I think I was glad of it. For the paragon of beauty and virtue, of education and refinement, was a very ordinary woman,

many years older than my poor Reformer, marked with the small-pox and blind of one eye. Then I understood.
F. A. STEEL.

From The Spectator.
AERIAL RAILWAYS.

THE *Pall Mall Budget* of October 27th gives a full-page sketch of the passenger-car of the new aerial railway between the two peaks of the "Devil's Dyke" at Brighton. The distance traversed is not great,—eleven hundred feet from hill to hill, at a maximum height of two hundred and thirty feet above the valley. But the Brighton "Telpher" line will do much to draw attention to a new and important form of transport, which is far better known in Spain, Italy, and the colonies, than in England. Properly speaking, these aerial lines are not railways at all. They are not even rope-railways, such as those which had been long in use in quarries, before the steam-engine had developed into a locomotive, and was employed to haul trucks along lines of rails by winding a rope. The new "Telpher" system inverts the principle of the railroad, as, instead of resting upon rails, the cars are slung to an overhead rope, along which they travel, suspended from grooved wheels, revolving between fixed supports. The invention is a good example of the consequences which follow on the discovery of a new material for old uses. The single rope-bridges of the Himalayas and the Thibetan frontier, are probably one of the oldest and simplest engineering devices known. A rough rope, sometimes made only of twisted birch-twigs, is fastened across the chasm of a mountain torrent, and round this is hung a hoop. In this the passenger sits, and hauls himself across by hitching the hoop forwards as he holds the rope above with his hands. The only development of this primitive system was the addition of a second rope, an endless cord, by which the passenger in the hoop was drawn across from either

side, with no more risk than was involved in the task of keeping himself from falling out of the hoop in which he sat. Some such rough form of transport, with buckets and wheels substituted for the hoop, was used for many years in the lead mines of the Peak of Derbyshire; but if hemp had remained the strongest material for rope-making, the aerial railway would never have taken the place which it has, or attracted the attention which it now claims, among the practical means of cheap transport. The invention of the twisted steel rope has made the development of the aerial railway practically safe and commercially possible, and more than two thousand miles of line are now in working order in Spain, Italy, South America, India, the Cape, China, and Japan. To "over-seas Englishmen," the cable-way at Hong-kong is as well known as the "Devil's Dyke" line will soon be to London visitors to Brighton. It shares with the latter the distinction of being the only aerial line used solely for passenger traffic, though it was built for useful and commercial reasons. It was found necessary to transport all European workmen in the port up the mountain every night, in order to sleep in purer air, and the cheapest and quickest means was found to be the construction of a "Telpher" line. The saving in time alone is said to have already repaid the cost of its construction. Nothing could be simpler than this Hong-kong line. It is carried straight up the mountain-side, the endless line stretching from ravine to ravine, on high steel trestles, through which the little back-to-back cars run on the rope like a section of the "knife-board" of an old-fashioned omnibus. Three passengers sit on each side; and though the height at which they travel must be trying to the nerves, they are not shut in by aprons of steel wire, as in the case of the Brighton cars. An awning, for protection from the sun, is the sole addition to the minimum of accommodation provided on this airy journey. The length of the line is two miles, and the exact height ascended

ten hundred and ninety feet. The Chinese population of Hong-kong were much disturbed by the invasion of the mountain by this railway. They attributed the epidemic of the plague to the anger of the mountain demons, who were prevented by the wires from making their nightly flights round the circuit of the hill. The difficulties in the construction of the Table Mountain wire-line were far greater than in that at Hong-kong. A precipice and incline of eight hundred feet in height interrupted the ascent midway. The summit of this precipice was used as a support, and the suspending wire leapt in a single span of fourteen hundred and seventy feet to the edge of the cliff, and from thence in another span of fourteen hundred feet to the flat top of the mountain. The loads carried across these gulfs average half a ton each, and the line is used both for passenger and goods traffic. The Rock of Gibraltar has also its wire line, though of slighter build, and far more striking steepness. The height to the signal station is barely a quarter less than the total length of the line, and the wire runs straight to the summit on a series of lofty trestles, after a first leap of eleven hundred feet, in an ascent of one foot in every foot and a half. Viewed against the sky, looking parallel to the mountain-side, it looks like a telegraph-wire stretched tight from the tops of a series of little Eiffel towers; yet the soldiers ascend and descend in the little wooden boxes which travel on it, with equal safety and comfort. The Hong-kong, Gibraltar, and Table Mountain lines are worked on a double cable, along which one car ascends as the other descends, the two being connected by a hauling rope.

But these are toys, compared with the complicated and ever-increasing system of aerial trains now working in the great iron mines of Spain. Near Bilbao, the greater part of a mountain-side is quarried away at different levels to obtain the fine iron ore, which is carried to the railway by nine lines, running from the station at the foot of the mountain to the mines along the

summit. These nine lines carry on an average twenty-three hundred tons of ore a day, none of which touches the level of the ground till it has travelled some five miles through space. The appearance of these multiplex lines of wire, stretching from tower to tower of light trellised iron, and hung at intervals with hundreds of ore-carriages in constant motion, is one of the strangest spectacles in modern mining enterprise. The double line of iron scaffolds, where it leaves the terminus in the valley, looks like the support for some enormous viaduct, festooned with wires slung with rows of pendent buckets. Higher up the mountain, where deep ravines cut the face of the hill, the trestles tower to such a height, that the travelling loads of ore look like little black balls against the sky. When the different levels of the mine are reached, the lines of the wireway diverge, and are carried to nine separate points in the workings. Yet the traffic is controlled with little difficulty, and there is no risk of any serious stoppage by accident, as in the case of a breakdown on the trunk lines of a great railway. At the worst, one or two lines only would be blocked, leaving the others free for use. It is calculated that one hundred thousand tons of ore can be carried on each of these cables before it becomes unfit for service. In crossing wild ravines or rivers, where one bank is lower than another, the aerial line is used exactly as the old-fashioned funicular railway works, the descending load being used to haul up the ascending car. In the Alps, the Pyrenees, and in the bridging of deep riverbeds, this is the simplest and cheapest form of transport known. In the Italian Alps, a span of fifteen hundred yards is crossed without a support, and this "gossamer" transport is soon to be applied to distances of two thousand yards. The usual means of drawing the load on level lines where it is not

carried by the force of gravity, is to revolve the endless cord by a drum worked by steam. But a recent and ingenious invention promises a further development of aerial lines. The steel rope is charged with an electric current, and the cars themselves carry a motor which "picks up" its power as it travels along the wire.

The limits of usefulness of the aerial railway have not yet been reached. Probably great weights will never be carried on the lines in single cars. But the transport of smaller quantities on the endless ropes can be multiplied almost without limit by increasing the number of parallel lines. It is not only the cheapest, but often the only possible form of transport in places inaccessible to ordinary railways; and the absence of danger from collision more than compensates for the first trial to the nerves made in the aerial transit. For ordinary ferry-work across rivers, the system is probably too like a makeshift to satisfy the English mind. But it is as an auxiliary transport, cheap and convenient, that it deserves a place among the every-day expedients of modern life. In commercial cities it would supply a means of parcel-transport by the shortest route, from point to point, above the houses, with little greater disturbance than that caused by erecting telephone wires; and in its simplest form it would be a useful auxiliary on every large farm in which manure and food has to be transported up-hill, sand or seaweed carried up from the shore, or water drawn and taken to a distance. These are some of the obvious uses for the aerial railway in this country. In the colonies and abroad, it will take a vastly more important place; and the little Brighton line will have served its purpose if it reminds Englishmen from time to time that there is yet another form of transport than that by sea and on railway embankments.

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consisting of concise expressions of opinion on aims and methods of literary study, by *Prof. Hiram Corson*, of Cornell University; *Prof. Katherine Lee Bates*, of Wellesley College; *Prof. L. A. Sherman*, of the University of Nebraska, and *Profs. O. L. Triggs* and *F. I. Carpenter*, of the Chicago University.

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"**The Aims of Literary Study and the Value of Vocal Interpretation.**"

"**Walt Whitman and Murger**," by *Horace L. Traubel*, gives an account of Whitman's English version of Murger's celebrated ballad together with notes of Whitman's talk about it taken down from his own lips.

"**Character, Plot and Passion in Much Ado About Nothing**," by *C. A. Wurtsburg* appears in the October number. The fiction represented in the same issue is

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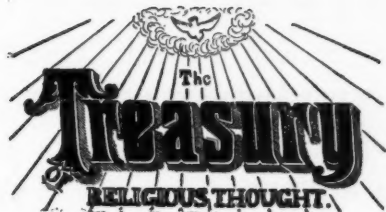
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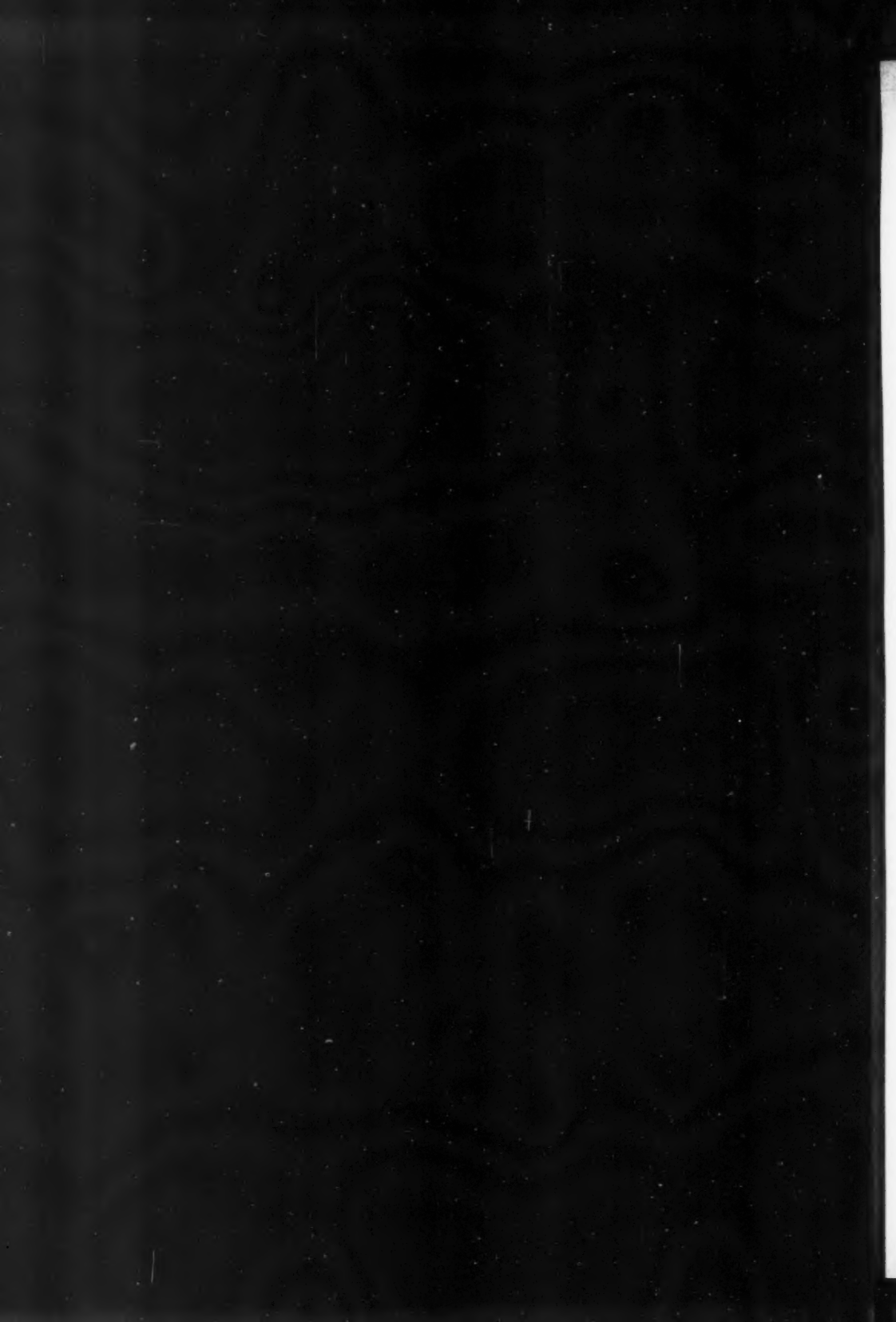
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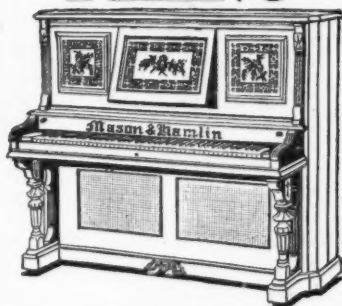
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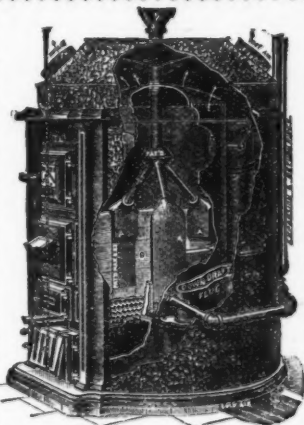
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